

"THE CANT OF UNCONVENTIONALITY": A Rejoinder to Lady Robert Cecil.

BY EVELYN UNDERHILL.

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IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING.

I.

In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

II.

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander through the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

III.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden it is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

IV.

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still.
Hush! . . . the fringe of His garment, in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

Alfred Noyes.

The Nation.

THE MOTHER.

I know that he is a man now, great and wise,
Wiser than I, his mother worn and old.
He sees with wide clear vision earth and skies,
And hath for right a knowledge firm and bold.
I love to think it is so, and that I

Have given of my best to form him so,
That he might have the strength to pass me by,
Did I obstruct the path his soul must go.
Yet, looking at him, oft I see again The little child, with stumbling footsteps, try To reach me with his childish joy or pain,
Loving me over all things far or nigh:
He seems my baby still, and only mine, Though far beyond me doth his being shine.

Edith M. Walker.
The Pall Mall Magazine.

SEA-BIRDS IN LONDON.

In many-circling mazy wreath Round Blackfriars Bridge the sea-birds fly,
Gray wing and backs—white underneath Where coral claws close-folded lie—
They soar and sail and wheel and dip, Then poise, each wing with black on tip,
And float upon the wintry wind Like small gray cloudlets silver-lined.

The peasant leaves his native field To seek his bread in London town—
Do seas a smaller harvest yield Than river-bed that fogs embrown?
Are there no fish off Beachy Head, That all these bright wings thus are spread
For chance-thrown crumbs of Babylon
Where Thames's turbid currents run?

The passing workman shares his meal, The work-girls pause to watch the sight;
The wagoner forgets his wheel A moment while he eyes the flight Of bread the quick birds catch a-wing:
And in some tollers' minds up-spring Faint thoughts of glories that illumine The world beyond the city's gloom.
John Anderson Stewart.

"THE CANT OF UNCONVENTIONALITY."

A REJOINDER TO LADY ROBERT CECIL.

The article which appeared under this title in the November number of the *National Review** does not seem at first sight to call for a serious reply, since it presents no thesis, unfolds no orderly argument. Its writer appears to have founded her remarks upon the curious supposition that convention and decency are interchangeable terms; and to believe that our more intelligent literary critics, in entreating young authors to cast off the shackles of the British Convention, are merely inviting them to assume the more deadly fetters of the "pornographic school."

This ancient fallacy has little but its simplicity to recommend it. The convention which has had so disastrous an effect upon the British novel consists, not in this or that code of morals, but in an avoidance of the real issues of life. English fiction has been contented, as a rule, to deal with the hard crust which forms upon the surface of existence and hides the great forces below. It is easier and pleasanter to describe this outward appearance of things—the amiable interchange of sentiments between admirably trained young people, the artificial and superficial relations by which society is held in leash—than to ignore the pretty dance of shadows, and deal at first hand with the realities from which they come.

But this encounter with life is the price which fiction must pay if it is to rise from a craft into an art; and the fetters which keep it from that encounter are those limitations that are imposed from without by the prejudice of the reader, not from within by the instinct of the writer. This is what we mean by the British Convention. Every art must, of course, have

its convention; but this must be dictated by the artist and not by his public, because it is the natural result of the conflict between tool and material—in the art which we are here considering, between literature and life. The other, the false convention, results from the conflict between truthful interpreter and cowardly audience; that audience whose opinion is voiced by Mrs. Grundy, and which is everlastingly defending the frail virtue of its sons and daughters against the disastrous effects of a sudden encounter with truth.

The panics and opinions of Mrs. Grundy can hardly be of interest to those persons whose real concerns are with literature. Unfortunately, however, Lady Robert Cecil has seen fit to fasten her remarks on this subject round a somewhat violent attack upon a writer who occupies an honorable place in contemporary English letters. Miss May Sinclair is the author of four remarkable and individual books; a fact which could hardly be deduced from Lady Robert Cecil's article, in which she is presented to us as amongst the last and least successful imitators of a moribund French tradition. As a matter of fact, Miss Sinclair has been hardly affected by French influences; such un-English qualities in her work as are not due to her original and character of seeing life come rather from Scandinavian than from French influence. The naughty Parisian novel, its monotonous theme and imaginary artistic influence, are favorite weapons of attack with unprofessional critics, who seem unaware that much of the best French fiction of the last decade deals with subjects unconnected with adultery.

* *The Living Age*, Dec. 7, 1907.

It is a further hall-mark of the unprofessional critic that he invariably judges any work of art (a) by other works of art, (b) by comparison with the superficial aspects of those people and that phase of life with which he is most familiar—*i.e.*, the habits and ideals of his own set, (c) by his personal likes and dislikes. One regrets to find that "*The Cant of Unconventionality*" presents examples of all these peculiarities. Taking them in order, under heading (a), as we have seen, the fact that the characters of *The Helpmate* share with the rest of humanity the disabilities of sex suggests to the writer that they are products of the Anglo-French school. Under (b) we note that they belong to the commercial classes of a northern industrial town; a region which is not remarkable for its observance of the Fine Shades. Under (c) we have the more important fact that Lady Robert Cecil has conceived a personal dislike for Walter Majendie, the chief male character of the novel. He is a vulgar, virile, unspiritual person, who does not share his wife's taste for parochial life and daily evensong, and is sincere enough to say so. Lady Robert Cecil is not of those who would say to such an evil-doer, "Go in peace!" She is clearly of opinion that no Christian wife could or should look charitably upon these failings, and that the forfeiture of conjugal rights is a small price to pay for them.

This being so, the scale of values adopted in *The Helpmate* becomes, of course, unacceptable and even repulsive; for Miss Sinclair, seeing life with that breadth and sanity which constitute her peculiar claim to our respect has perceived and brought home to her readers the fact that Majendie's character, in its intense humanity, its strength and weakness, is not "one of Creation's mistakes," but contributes to the great purposes of life and has

its roots in the very scheme of things. Here it is, of course, that author and critic part company. Miss Sinclair, in common with all sincere artists, is busy about the foundations of existence. Lady Robert Cecil is chiefly concerned with the social behavior of the Majendie family. Mr. Majendie's reprehensible, if human, habit of veiling his shyness at sacred moments by weak and injudicious jokes, his ridiculous loyalty to the vulgar friends who have helped him in the past, his sister's unmaidenly obstinacy in forgiving black sheep unto seventy times seven. These tiresome idiosyncrasies are the matters with which her criticism really concerns itself; for when she draws near the deeper problems of the story, she seems unable to deal in any coherent way with the principles involved in them, and takes refuge in sarcasms at the expense of "unconventional" morality.

The truth is, however, that the convention which Miss Sinclair has refused to obey in this book has nothing to do with sexual morals; else would a large part of English literature, from Restoration comedy to the works of George Eliot, stand condemned also. Her real offence is that she has ignored the first demand of the uncultured reader, that all heroes and heroines must either be perfect ladies and perfect gentlemen, or clearly labelled as social pariahs. Lady Robert Cecil herself admits that this is so. She is evidently afraid that Miss Sinclair does not know how often her hero's conduct falls short of perfection; how wrong, for instance, it is to be sleepy, and fail in ardor and tenderness, when one is awoke to unexpected accusations at 4 A.M. In her opinion, "the apple of discord in the Majendie marriage is not the man's moral fault in the past, but his unspeakable 'bounding' in the present."

This language has at any rate the

merit of defining its writer's attitude. We have to do with a critic who finds it impossible to extend sympathy to a character which does not happen to be perfectly well bred. Here, of course, Lady Robert Cecil has allowed her judgment to be warped by a purely social prejudice. She has thus placed herself at a disadvantage in dealing with writing which either is, or aspires to be, a work of art. The critic who is cast into a condition of blind rage by a book which dares to describe with sympathy the cravings and failings of a perfectly ordinary member of the middle classes—rather better bred than his friends, not quite so well bred as his wife—lowers himself, so far, to the level of the essentially uncultured reading public of this country, which always demands, as the first necessity of a pleasant story, that the characters should be "people one likes reading about." "People one likes reading about" generally means people whom one would be willing to entertain. This limitation presses hardly on writers in search of popularity, and the more sincere novelists of our generation have resolutely ignored it. The only exceptions to this rule which are allowed for popular purposes are the pathetic or the mildly humorous poor. The middle classes, if described at all, must either be idealized until they conform to the standards of the best society, or treated in a frankly farcical spirit. Their more disconcerting attributes must at all costs be omitted, and their social position must be clearly defined.

Hence this large intermediate population has remained for the novelist a "virgin soil." In it we find the "rather dreadful" people; the people who inhabit the great provincial centres of industry, whose social position persists in remaining indefinite; of whom one sees a good deal at election times, but not much, perhaps, at other seasons.

But these—the great monotonous blur of the middle classes—are the material with which life works: therefore the artist, who is life's auxiliary, may work with them too. There are many advantages in such a choice of subject. Whilst both the aristocratic and laboring classes have ceased, for literary purposes, to be the objects of first-hand experience, and tend more and more to become conventional types, about this intermediate class no convention has yet been adopted. If its members are to be drawn at all, they must be drawn from life. We shall not find them waiting ready to our hands, crisply defined and instantly recognizable, with the witty dowager, the well-born adulteress, and the good-hearted millionaire. Further, they have none of the engaging little ways of these stock characters. If they are to be made interesting, their more deeply human characteristics must be exhibited. Here, then, is tempting material for the sincere writer, as well as a deeply interesting field for the genuine student of life.

The true business of the novelist is to show eternal things in and through temporal things. This, and this only, gives permanent value to his work. If he prefers to choose for this purpose temporal things of an imperfect kind, one can only admire his courage and acknowledge that he is within his rights. A novelist is under no obligation to attribute virtuous or even polite behavior to the chief personages of his story. It is the favorite vice of British fiction that it too often panders to its readers in this respect, and tries to ensure sympathy for its characters by assuring us on every page that they are "nice."

Men, even of sterling character, do not always behave with tact and refinement when under the influence of great passions. They cannot always conceal their prejudices, even though

they be in love. Nevertheless, they are capable of devotion, generosity, despair; of all the great acts of the soul from which tragedy and drama are built up. That these acts are forced to express themselves under sordidly material conditions is a circumstance which can hardly deceive any thoughtful student of humanity, though it of course gives unrivalled opportunities to shallow criticism. Of these opportunities the author of "*The Cant of Unconventionality*" avails herself; perhaps with more eagerness than discretion, since she thereby betrays her unwillingness to recognize basal and eternal truths beneath their superficial and temporal expression.

She finds herself confronted by a novel in which a number of obviously imperfect people, who combine good and bad qualities and impulses in the most natural and exasperating way, work out their destinies in a series of actions which it is impossible for any respectable person to approve. Further, these terribly provincial persons, with all their imperfections, follies, and lapses from good taste, are described with sincerity, intelligence, and mercy; and perhaps it is not inappropriate to observe in this connection that mercy is pre-eminently the quality which distinguishes the great writer from the mean one. Now, conscious as we all are of the shortcomings of other people, we do not care as a rule to see those shortcomings described, unless a little venom be imported into the process. To act in any other way, to treat the failings of human nature as a part of human nature, to extend sympathy to that large and tiresome class which is neither wholly good nor wholly evil, but which struggles and suffers in the temperate zone of the moral world—this, in Lady Robert Cecil's opinion, is unconventional, offensive, and subversive of morality. Here, oddly enough, the champion of respectability

is seen taking sides against the Christian *ethos*, and pleading very eloquently for the condemnation of all publicans and sinners. In particular, the idea that Walter Majendie, the typical publican, can be "in it" (i.e., in the spiritual sphere) as much as his wife, the typical Pharisee, strikes her as at once false, novel, and repulsive.

Yet the basal truth upon which the story of *The Helpmate* is built is just this, that the greatest of all sins is the Pharisee's sin against love—hardness of heart, unkindness, inability to forgive and forget. These are spiritual crimes, and greater than any carnal lapses, because the spirit is greater than the flesh. Lady Robert Cecil quotes with amusement a reviewer who has perceived and stated that "the lesson of *The Helpmate* is that we must have more charity." One is surprised that she should find this statement humorous, since its ancestry alone should command for it a certain respect. Evidently it is not an opinion with which she finds herself in agreement, or the analysis to which she has subjected Miss Sinclair's novel had hardly appeared in print.

It seems scarcely worth while to deal in detail with this analysis, since any reader of *The Helpmate* can verify for himself the way in which passages have been torn from their context and twisted from their meanings in order that they may serve the writer's end: the misrepresentation of incidents; the omission of vital facts; the cheap satire, unworthy of any serious criticism; finally, the amazing conjuring trick which deduces from this story the moral of "the wickedness of the good and the goodness of the wicked." One or two examples of the methods of conventional criticism may, however, prove instructive.

In Lady Robert Cecil's description of Majendie's character we find this passage:

To his invalid sister he is an angel of goodness. True, he had not always been precisely a saint: there was, for instance, the unfortunate Lady Cayley episode; but that, rightly understood, was only a part of his goodness—he *had* to lift her—oh! he was a martyr; and anyhow that is past. He really is angelic now, and if Anne thinks he needs an introduction to his Maker, to the circles of the spiritual *élite*, why, Walter "is in it as much as she."

Next comes the testimony of Lawson Hannay, Walter's most intimate friend. "Bayard," says Hannay with solemn enthusiasm, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, a saint, the best man, the most particular man I've ever known." ("The Cant of Unconventionality," 386.)

Looking in *The Helpmate* for the originals of these statements, we find first a scene in which Edith Majendie is reasoning with the outraged young wife, Anne, and trying, naturally enough, to find extenuating circumstances in her brother's "past."

"It's what happens," says Edith, "over and over again. He thought her a vilely injured woman. He may have thought her good. [Walter was twenty-two at the time—an age at which even young men who are not "bounders" make these mistakes.] He certainly thought her pathetic. It was the pathos that did it."

"That—did—it?"

"Yes. Did it. She hurled herself at his head—at his knees—at his feet—till he *had* to lift her. And that's how it happened." (*The Helpmate*, p. 39.)

Nothing here about martyrdom and angelic goodness; merely a charitable and broad-minded woman's interpretation of a young man's fall. As for Mr. Hannay, the novelist makes it clear that his testimony to Walter Majendie's virtues was given under the influence of drink; it can hardly, therefore, be used by any serious critic in estimating his character.

Finally, consider the episode of Majendie's intrigue with Maggie Forest as described by Miss Sinclair and as epitomized by Lady Robert Cecil. In this epitome, perhaps the most glaring example of her critical methods, we are told nothing of the long period during which Majendie's relation to Maggie was innocent, chivalrous, pure; nothing of the scene in which his wife drives him from her presence; nothing of his struggles against growing temptation; nothing which indicates that the critic recognizes or allows for the relentless natural forces which determine the issue of such battles as these. Of the "idea-plot" on which the story of *The Helpmate* is built Lady Robert Cecil betrays, indeed, no comprehension. This idea-plot is of course the infinitely pathetic history of that war between the body and the soul, between the animal and spiritual natures of man, which is plaited up in the very constitution of humanity. To condemn this subject as "unconventional"—which, in the mouths of the conventional, is only another way of saying "unclean"—is to condemn, not the individual artist, but the great Artist of all life. The character of Walter Majendie, in its very imperfection, has been selected and presented to us with the most consummate skill, because it shows the whole process of that battle, its gains and losses, its eternal results, as no other type could do. Were he either a saint or, as Lady Robert Cecil suggests, "a good-humored, shallow-hearted bounder with a blunted moral sense," there had been no battle; were he possessed of an aristocratic self-control, we could not have followed the fortunes of war. But he was an ordinary man, an immortal spirit subject to all the disabilities of mortality; capable, therefore, of combining an ideal fidelity to the spirit of love with a physical unfaithfulness to its material expression.

The tragedy of *The Helpmate* consists in the circumstances which forced upon Majendie this divorce between love and passion, between the spirit and the flesh. He was right in declaring that it was really love for his wife—the unsatisfied love, "as simple as hunger and thirst," which Lady Robert Cecil finds so disgusting an ingredient of our nature—that drove him into the arms of Maggie Forest: that exquisite, elemental thing whom we should all have acclaimed as a *grande amoureuse* were it not for the accident of birth which made her a florist's assistant. Maggie is one of the triumphs of *The Helpmate*; never has her type been presented with greater delicacy and truth. One can imagine how the defender of conventionality will deal with such a creature, and such a situation!

"It was a great and terrible mystery," says Miss Sinclair of Anne Majendie, "that the sin of his [i.e., Walter's] body should be the saving of her soul." Here the novelist, obedient to the highest traditions of her art, lifts up the sensual and shows it to us in the light of the supersensual; connecting earthly sins and earthly struggles with the mighty and esoteric doctrine of substitution. This doctrine—that one should be sacrificed in order that another may be saved—is a thought which is older than Christianity, and is of course the kernel of that faith. Lady Robert Cecil, however, is not to be deceived by a logical application of this essentially religious idea. She examines the mystery of Walter's sin and Anne's salvation with an evident determination to reduce all the elements of human life to their lowest common factor; and, with a realism and finality which are beyond the power of many an unconventional novelist, labels the episode of Maggie Forest as "adultery with a little shop-girl." It seems vain to address to such a mind an invitation to look with sim-

plicity upon the stupendous forces of man's nature, to ignore the trivial accidents which attend their translation into material life. In some such spirit might a critic of Greek tragedy describe Phaedra as a married woman with an unfortunate weakness for boys.

In this life, the spiritual must be made manifest through the material; hence most serious students of humanity will be disposed to agree with Miss Sinclair that "there is no spirituality worthy of the name which has not been proved in the house of flesh." Rightly understood, this profound statement contains within itself the essence of all sacramentalism. But here again respectability, true to its cardinal principle of refusing at all costs the inner facts of life, has a surprise in store for us. Lady Robert Cecil views this doctrine with a peculiar abhorrence; even committing herself to the amazing opinion that it teaches "the innocence of unchastity" and "spiritual redemption by way of fleshly sin." It is against such an attitude as this—presented to us in *The Helpmate* in the person of Anne Majendie, the loveless and respectable wife—that Miss Sinclair wars, but apparently in vain.

"If you could only see how divinely sacred the human part of us is—and how pathetic!" says Edith Majendie—whom even the canons of respectability must allow to be a saint—to her pharisaical sister-in-law. May one be permitted to offer these words for Lady Robert Cecil's consideration? They express the *leit motif* of *The Helpmate*, the governing idea which runs through it like a thread—namely, the sanctity and necessity of mortality, the fact that for those souls which are immersed in human life the spiritual is best attained by a faithful acceptance of material things. This lesson is enforced by Miss Sinclair herself, and also by the characters of her book, in

language which minces matters no less—but certainly no more—than the Book of Common Prayer. No one has yet suggested that the English Marriage Service should be ranked amongst the works of the Fleshy School; and where the Established Church is not ashamed to notice the patent facts of existence, surely the novelist may venture to speak.

"I wonder if you ever realize what the thing we call purity is?" says Anne Majendie to her husband. One imagines the author of "The Cant of Unconventionality" stating her final complaint against *The Helpmate* and its writer in some such terms as these. Were *tu quoque* a form of argument permissible outside the school-room, Miss Sinclair might well address the same question to her critic. It is a common experience of all writers that the maxim, *Omnia munda mundis*, is of no effect in literary criticism. The pure-minded author suffers his worst misinterpretation at the hands of the pure-minded reader, who can and generally will deduce from any novel improprieties of which its creator never dreamed. Hence one is not surprised to find that the author of "The Cant of

Unconventionality" sees the marriage tie under one aspect only—the aspect which, as she frankly says in describing Majendie's reconciliation with his wife, "has its roots deep down in the animal nature"—surely the most unconventional definition of normal wedlock which has ever been produced by a champion of British respectability.

Curiously enough, a reference to the pages of *The Helpmate*, which Lady Robert Cecil so industriously misquotes, suggests that Miss Sinclair's view of married love is less crudely materialistic than that of her critic. There the peace between Majendie and Anne appears as no triumph of physical passion, but is described to us in these beautiful terms: "In her eyes he saw love risen to immortality through mortal tears. She looked at him, and she knew him as she knew her own soul." These are the last words of *The Helpmate*. One wonders what better and more spiritual basis of reconciliation could have existed between any husband and wife; even though they had been the really refined, conventional persons whom it is the true business of the British novelist to describe.

The National Review.

Evelyn Underhill.

THE JAPANESE IN KOREA.

The long-robed, solemn-visaged Korean statesman and myself had sat for hours, squatted upon the floor in his home, discussing the tragedy of his nation. His Emperor was a prisoner; he himself had been driven from office because he would not be a tool of the newcomers; and the land was ringing with complaints of almost intolerable tyranny. "If the nations know of what is happening here, will they not help us?" my host asked. I replied that he must expect nothing from Eu-

rope; for it would have been cruel to encourage him to hope. Thereupon he turned to me with sudden passion. "Are you white people blind? Can you not see further than to-day? You think that because Korea is weak and poor, and because her old Government was imperfect, therefore you can safely allow Japan to swallow her. I tell you that the tiger's appetite grows with what it feeds on. Korea is the victim to-day; to-morrow it will be Manchuria, and afterwards China. Where will

your European trade be then? What then will be the value of the prestige of the white man among the hundreds of millions of Asia?"

The Korean minister spoke with reason. The passing of Korea is no isolated event, lacking interest for us. It is one of the pivotal points in a great world movement, charged with endless possibilities for both East and West. We have here not only a nation *in extremis*, but also a nation on trial. The action of Japan in this matter supplies a touchstone, by which the West will judge the genuineness of her civilization, and the reality of her professions of justice and disinterestedness. Korea has been wiped off the map. Her twelve million people to-day occupy a position of semi-servitude, forbidden to own arms, subject to the control of alien soldiery, liable to forced labor, often expelled from their homes, and without voice or lot in their own affairs. Her Emperor has been driven from his throne and lies a prisoner in his palace; some of her leading statesmen have been forced into exile and others driven to suicide; and her army has been disbanded. She has been deprived of all means of making her case known through official channels. Freedom, property rights, independence, and individual safety have all gone. Yet a ruined and devastated Korea may even now present to the world a magic mirror in which to see the possible development of the Far East.

To understand the bearings of the Korean situation to-day, it is necessary to go back. Up to 1876, the Hermit Kingdom rigidly refrained from intercourse with the outside world, and allowed no foreigners admittance. America and France attempted to force an entry by expeditionary parties, but both failed. Each year a body of Korean delegates arrived in Pekin, bearing tribute to the Emperor of China.

Their quaint dress, their horsehair hats, their dignified deportment, and the manner in which they kept themselves apart from white men added to the mystery that surrounded their land. Korea became a kind of wonder-country, and the wildest stories were eagerly swallowed about its riches and the ways of its people.

Japan, by patient diplomacy backed by force, broke down the barriers, and the nations entered. Foreign Legations were established in Seoul in the early eighties, and Korean representatives were sent to Europe and America. Regular steamship services were opened; Korean students settled abroad, and freedom of trade was secured. The first impressions of the foreigners in Korea were not very favorable. They found that the land was poor, the Government was corrupt, the habits of the people dirty, and the national spirit apparently broken. After a time missionaries entered, obtained liberty to preach, and scored great triumphs. The missionaries reported that the rural dwellers were kindly, sympathetic, willing to learn, and only kept back by the abuses of their administration. Signs of reform began to appear, even in the Court. The King and Queen, an amiable and attractive couple, welcomed foreign teachers, Europeans were gradually appointed as advisers and heads of administrative departments. The Customs became an independent branch of the Chinese service. A good commencement was made in education. In the early nineties it seemed that Korea would move slowly, stumblingly, but certainly, along the road of reform.

At that time, Korea was under the shadowy suzerainty of China, and in recognition of it Korean delegates paid their periodical tribute to Pekin as already stated. The Chinese Minister, Mr. Yuan—now known to all men as Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai, leader of the

reform movement in China—claimed certain privileges, such as the right to ride to the inner way of the palace, while other diplomats had to trudge through the mud of the courtyards. Japan had already marked out her course of Imperial expansion, and one of the first steps in it was to be the removal of Chinese suzerainty over Korea. This was done cleanly and expeditiously by the Chino-Japanese War, and Korea was declared independent.

The immediate result was that Japanese influence became predominant in Seoul. The Japanese tried to Westernize the Koreans in a hurry. They started many crude, if well-intentioned schemes, such as attempting to compel the men to cut off their symbolical top knots. The Queen of Korea, a much stronger personality than her husband, opposed them, and was murdered in peculiarly atrocious fashion. This brought about a reaction, and the Japanese lost their hold. Russia had already cast longing eyes on Korea, seeing there a natural terminus for her trans-Siberian railway, and the satisfaction of her natural desire for an open water port on the Pacific. Between 1895 and 1904 Korean politics were little more than a see-saw between Russian and Japanese intrigues. Reform was largely checked, for it was not to the interest of either side that Korea should have decent government. The King assumed the title of Emperor. The promise of his earlier days was not fulfilled, and his nerve was broken by the murder of his wife. Weak, cunning and full of tricks, he tried the game of playing off one side against another. He thought to secure his independence by treaties. America was bound in the most solemn manner to come to Korea's aid. England and Japan had pledged one another that they "mutually recognized the independence of Korea" and were

"entirely uninfluenced by aggressive tendencies there." The Emperor had yet to learn that written bonds count for nothing when not backed up by national efficiency.

When Japan commenced war against Russia, her two main reasons were officially given as the safeguarding of the independence of Korea and the maintenance of the "open door." The Japanese land campaign opened on Korean soil, and solemn promises were made "in a spirit of firm friendship" to ensure "the safety and repose of the Imperial House," and "definitely to guarantee the independence and territorial integrity" of Korea. Japanese troops came in by the ten thousand, and Japanese settlers by the score of thousand. Japanese victories in Manchuria were followed by greater claims and a more domineering attitude. It soon became clear that Japan had decided on the destruction of Korean national existence. In November, 1905, the palace was surrounded by Japanese troops, and the ministers were forced to sign a treaty surrendering their external independence. The Emperor protested, and has since repeatedly declared that he never consented to this step. He attempted to appeal to the Powers, and, finally, as the outcome of a somewhat blundering effort to ask aid from The Hague Conference, he was turned off the throne and his semi-idiot son put in his place. Japan then took the final formal steps to legalize her complete absorption of the various branches of internal administration.

Japan is not the only nation that has acquired fresh territory by trickery; and were the sole complaint against her the fact that she has taken over Korea by duplicity, perjury and cunning, little more would be heard of the matter. The gravamen of the charge against Japan is not the manner in which she acquired Korea, but the way

in which she has treated the common people there since the war. Were the matter at issue merely the substitution of the inefficient administration of Yi-heung for capable Japanese rule, few would protest. The real complaint is, not that Japan broke her repeated and solemn promises to a weaker race, but that, seizing power, she has used it unjustly and cruelly.

The Japanese administration of Korea can be divided into two parts, the first the period under Mr. (now Baron) Hayashi, 1904-5, and the second, under Prince Ito, since the beginning of 1906. The Japanese began well. Their troops were kept in hand, Korean coolies employed in the transport service were fairly paid, and it seemed as though Japan was going to repeat her splendid behavior in Manchuria and Korea during the Chinese War. The first trouble occurred over the conduct of the many Japanese coolies who landed in Korea. These arrived by the ship-load, thousands coming each week. Most of the coolies had no money, and they were drawn from the lowest and roughest classes in Japan. They spread over the land, robbing, murdering and outraging. The Korean magistrates did not dare to interfere with them, and the few Japanese consuls and residents had neither time nor inclination to do so. The Korean complainant who attempted to reach a Japanese resident was usually thrown out by underlings in the outer courts. Those who secured admission found themselves before judges who knew nothing of their language, and were at the mercy of rascally interpreters. It soon became a common-place that no Korean could obtain justice from the Japanese. I myself came across many cases of the grossest injustice, and every white man of my acquaintance in Korea at that time knew many more. I take it that the most uncompromising defender of

Japanese policy will not attempt to dispute the existence of this reign of disorder. Even strenuous advocates of Japan like Mr. George Kennan have admitted and deplored it.

I may be asked what form these outrages took. Korean property, land, farm produce, fishing rights, etc., were stolen wholesale by Japanese coolies, and the Koreans themselves were beaten and abused. In some cases Koreans were turned out of their homes by force by coolies who took a fancy to them; in others, Koreans were turned off their fishing grounds and killed for protesting. Soldiers would nearly kill natives on the slightest provocation. Every private was a summary court of justice, inflicting what punishment he pleased. The favorite form of punishment was to knock a man down by a heavy blow in the stomach with the butt-end of a rifle, and then to jump on his body, hold him down with one foot, keep him taut by grabbing his top-knot, and kick him, punch him, and hammer him with the butt end of the rifle at pleasure. Of course the man treated in this fashion often crept away afterwards, and died in agony.

If such outrages had been isolated, or stood alone, it would be a mistake to attach overwhelming importance to them, for it might be reasonably argued that they were merely the temporary results of a time of transition. But what was much more serious was the obvious intention of the Japanese authorities to use every means in their power to destroy Korean individuality, and to transfer the ownership of land as much as possible, and by any means, into Japanese hands. The names of the towns were altered to Japanese names, a stupid and irritating measure. Tokyo time was employed by the Japanese officials in place of Seoul time. An amazing scheme of land

appropriation was put forward, in the summer of 1904, under the cloak of the name of a Mr. Nagamori, a hitherto unknown son of Nippon. All the waste lands of Korea—in other words the greater part of the Empire, and all the unworked minerals—were to be handed over to him, without payment and practically in perpetuity. This scheme was stubbornly advanced by the Japanese Acting-minister, Mr. Hagiwara; but it excited such resentment among both Koreans and foreigners that it had to be withdrawn. Large areas of the best land of the country were seized by the Army, under the plea of military necessity. Trivial amounts were paid to the Korean ministry as compensation, and the owners of the land usually received nothing. The areas thus seized were the finest and richest sites in Korea. The "military necessity" turned out in the end to mean, in many cases, the necessity of finding homes for Japanese civilian settlers.

While the Japanese were everywhere seizing property, with or without a show of legality, they suffered some of the worst of the old administrative abuses to continue unchecked. Even during the summer of 1906, when I travelled in the north, I found torture going on in prisons in towns where the Japanese were in full control. In Ping-yang, the second city of the Empire, I saw a number of men and one woman all confined together in one cell, serving long sentences, more than half starved, and in the most horrible state of filth, emaciation and neglect. In Sun-chon I found men tied flat on the ground in the black hole of the prison, and kept there for days without moving, with flesh gangrened where the ropes had cut into it, with bodies broken, and in one case with eyes beaten out. But one was mainly impressed, not so much by peculiarly atrocious cases of torture and abuse,

as by the almost universal tyranny and cruelty.

This policy could not and did not fail to have a tremendous effect on public opinion. It alienated the great mass of Europeans and Americans in Korea, and made them critics where they had formerly been sympathizers with Japan. At first there had been a body of Koreans willing to work with the Japanese. The Court party was, of course, uncompromisingly hostile, but a considerable group of young reformers were friendly, and many of the small farmers would have welcomed decent administration, under whatever name it came. These men were driven into opposition.

When Prince (then Marquis) Ito was appointed Resident General at the beginning of 1906, it seemed that a better day had arrived. The high character, the statescraft and the political sagacity of the real maker of modern Japan encouraged the hope that an era of conciliation and justice would succeed the former time. Prince Ito threw himself into his work with the greatest energy, and soon won golden opinions from all. Among his immediate personal assistants are men like Mr. Megata and Mr. Zumoto, the finest type of administrators that Japan has yet produced. So far as Prince Ito's work can be removed from the abuses of the administration, few have anything but hearty praise for it. That he sincerely desires to bring peace and justice to Korea is the undoubted belief of all, myself included, who have come in contact with him.

Prince Ito early gave earnest of his good intention, and by the end of 1906 certain decided benefits of his rule were apparent. The Japanese military gendarmerie were largely cleared away, and civil police put in their place. The gendarmerie have won a very bad reputation, both in Korea and Manchuria, for their harshness and of-

ten for their cruelty. Of the civil police in the villages I hear much better accounts, and on the whole they seem to behave with kindness and fairness. A number of the worst of the Japanese coolies were expelled. The course of justice was improved. Consideration is now promised for the financial claims of the old Korean landowners robbed of their homes. Under the Hayashi administration a much-needed and beneficial reform of the currency had been effected. This was followed by other practical, useful improvements.

If this were all, the tale could be closed with a formal regret over the troubles at the beginning, and a pious wish for the continuation of the good work of Prince Ito. Unfortunately it is not all. The effectiveness of the Resident General's work has been greatly hampered by the impossibility of securing a sufficient number of capable assistants from Japan. The policy of the administration is to place Japanese everywhere, save in a few places where Korean dummies are useful. Now the average Japanese, of above the coolie class, is most unwilling to remain long in Korea, and in many cases refuses to go there at all. The same man who is eager to live in poverty in England and America for a few years, refuses to spend a few months with good pay in Korea. Many a time have my Japanese official friends told me pathetically of their longings for home. The very clerk in the post office would ask when I had last been in Japan and what I thought it looked like. "Has there been much change? I wish I were back there."

This sentimental feeling undoubtedly aggravates Prince Ito's difficulties. A few of his immediate followers, men schooled in his methods, have rallied round him and stuck to him, although they do not conceal their desire, in some cases, to return to their father-

land. But the average Japanese official in Korea is of an inferior type to those you find in Japan. The good intentions of the men at the head often still become transformed into harsh injustice by the time they reach local officials.

A second difficulty is that the Japanese have plainly, if not openly, resolved to destroy in time every trace of Korean nationality, besides Korean independence. Not many weeks since I frankly discussed this point with one of the most influential of the Japanese in Korea. "You must understand that I am not expressing official views," he told me. "But if you ask me as an individual what is to be the outcome of our policy, I can only see one end. This is an end which will take several generations, but it must come. The Korean people will be absorbed in the Japanese. They will talk our language, live our life, and be an integral part of us. There are only two ways of colonial administration. One is to rule over the people as aliens. This you England have done in India, and, therefore, your Indian Empire cannot endure. India must pass out of your rule. The second way is to absorb the people. This is what we will do, and it is towards this end that our energies must be directed. We must teach them our language, establish our institutions, and make them one with us." That is the benevolent Japanese idea; the cruder idea, more commonly entertained, is to absorb the Korean lands, place all the industry of the country in Japanese hands, and reduce the natives to the place of hewers of wood and drawers of water for their triumphant conquerors. The Japanese believes that the Korean is on a wholly different level to himself, a coward, a weakling, and a poltroon. He despises him, and treats him accordingly.

The greatest hindrance to the effect-

iveness of Prince Ito's policy of conciliation has been the disputes and friction between the civilian and the military sides of the Japanese administration. The Army, under General Hasegawa, advocates sternness and repression. The civil branch is apparently quite unable to control it. Within the past few months it has shown to what extremes it is prepared to go. It has been carrying out one of the most cruel and odious campaigns ever conducted in this generation in the name of civilization. When I left Korea late in September, I was the only white man who had visited the scenes of this campaign; so a few facts about what I saw may not be without interest.

When the old Emperor was turned off the throne, in the summer of 1907, the Army was disbanded, and a number of the native soldiers, together with young men from Seoul, boys of fourteen and sixteen, and old tiger hunters from the hills, declared a holy war against the Japanese. They had very few arms, save the most primitive type of muzzle-loading guns, and they had very little ammunition. Nevertheless they gave the Japanese great trouble, and kept a large area to the south-east of Seoul in a ferment. The Japanese found it necessary to despatch considerable numbers of troops against them. When I proposed to visit the scene of operations last autumn, the officials of the Residency General promptly objected. They refused to grant me a passport, and when I declared my intention of travelling without one I was politely informed that I should be liable to arrest and imprisonment at any point of my journey. However, by a simple device I was able to penetrate the rebel districts before the authorities knew that I had left the capital. I made a circular tour through one stretch of fighting territory. Save for an unfortunate trick

the Korean irregulars had of potting at me with their old guns, under the impression that I was a Japanese, I finished my journey without much difficulty. I am bound to say that the irregulars always apologized in the most handsome fashion when they discovered their mistake.

It is not my purpose here to tell the full story of that tour, but simply to relate something of what I saw of the administrative methods of the Army. I soon ceased to wonder that the Residency General had endeavored to stop my journey. I passed through scores of villages completely destroyed by the Japanese Army, with not a house, not a wall, not a jar of food left. At one place, Chee-chong, a considerable town, not a house remained save the yamen of the magistrate. On every side I heard stories of women outraged, wounded, bayoneted, and of non-combatants and children shot. The villagers and townspeople thus attacked were not rebels, but the rebels had fought near their homes and that was enough. They were nothing more than simple farmers and their families, peaceful and law-abiding. The Japanese military authorities had thought it necessary, to quote the words of one of them, to show the people "the strong arm of Japan." In one small area I passed through the former settlements of about twenty thousand people, made homeless, all their food supplies gone, and now waiting on the bare hill-sides to perish from hunger and cold in the coming winter.

The case of one village may serve to tell of what I found in many. From a mountain pass looking down on the valley leading to I-Chon I could see in front of me village after village reduced to ashes. I rode on to the nearest heap of ruins. The place had been the home of quite a large village, with about seventy or eighty houses. Destruction, thorough and complete, had

fallen upon it. Homes, food and furniture had all been burned.

The villagers had come back to the ruins again, and had put up temporary refuges of straw for their women folk, while attempting to rebuild. The young men were out on the hills cutting down trees, and the elders were at work in the village. The fields were rich with well-cultivated crops, ready for harvest, but there was no time to gather them in, for shelter was the first necessity.

I sat down under a tree, glad of the shade, and the village elders came round me. One point struck me at once. The Korean woman is usually shy, retiring, and afraid to open her mouth in the presence of a stranger. Here the women spoke up as freely as the men. The people all seemed to be simple and kindly villagers. Any one could see that they were not fighting men.

"We are glad," they said, "that a European man has come to learn what has befallen us. We hope you will tell your people, so that all men may know. There had been some fighting on the hills beyond our village, and the Eui-pyung (the Korean rebels) broke some telegraph poles there. The Eui-pyung had nothing to do with us. They came down from the eastern hills, and were not our men. But after the Eui-pyung fell back the Japanese soldiers marched to our village, and to seven other villages around. Look, and you can see the ruins of them all. They spoke many harsh words to us. 'The Eui-pyung broke down the telegraph poles, and you did not stop them,' they said. 'Therefore you are the same as the Eui-pyung. Why have you eyes if you do not watch? Why have you strength if you do not prevent the Eui-pyung from doing mischief? The Eui-pyung came to your houses and you fed them. Therefore you are all the same as they, and we will punish you.'

"They went from house to house, taking what they wanted, and setting all the rest alight. One old man—he had lived in his house since his mother bore him—saw a soldier lighting his home. He fell on his knees and caught the feet of the soldier. 'Excuse me, excuse me,' he said, with many tears. 'Please do not burn my house. Leave it for me that I may die there. I am an old man.' The soldier tried to shake him off, but the old man prayed the more, and clung more closely. Then the soldier raised his gun and shot the old man, and we buried him in the hills.

"One who was near to her hour of child-birth was lying in a house. Alas for her! One of our young men was in the fields cutting grass. He had not noticed the soldiers come. He lifted his knife and was sharpening it against a stone. It shone in the sun, and a soldier saw it, and was much afraid. 'There is a Eui-pyung,' he said, and he fired and killed the man. Another of our people, seeing the fire, noticed that all his family papers were burning. What is one without family papers but a nameless wanderer? The man rushed in to pull out his papers, and a soldier shot him."

I rode from that village with a heavy heart. I saw many like it afterwards. From other parts of the country well-verified stories have come to me, showing that the Japanese army has during the past few months attempted to wipe out a countryside. Can any one wonder that the Korean people scoff at the good words and fair promises of Prince Ito? "The Japanese have resolved to make an end of us altogether," they say.

Had space permitted, I would fain have told of the effects of Japanese supremacy on British interests in Korea. I would have told, too, of the recent amazing prosecution of a British journalist in Seoul, Mr. Bethell, for

publishing details of some of the recent massacres. Mr. Bethell was convicted and muzzled, on the ground that he was "disturbing the peace." The only peace to disturb in those parts is the peace of desolation and of death. It is in vain to-day for the Japanese to think that they can muzzle the Press

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or keep back news. It yet remains to be seen if the saner and more politic party in Japan will not call halt to a plan of campaign that cannot fail to bring discredit on their national honor. The time has gone by when permanent Empire could be built up on a foundation of bayonets.

F. A. McKenzie.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XXIV.

THE RETURN OF THE BARD.

"We aye get," as the soldier-preacher Duncan Matheson used to say,—"we aye get what we gang in for." When Angus Grant arrived in Boronach in the following spring, there was hardly a dream he had dreamed a quarter of a century before that he had not translated into reality. No fairy-tale could have recorded a more wonderful change of fortune than had been his, for not even he himself had imagined so astonishing a thing as had actually come to pass through the mysterious workings of Providence. He had chosen not to announce his arrival, and when he crossed the gangway from the steamer and stepped down among the little crowd waiting on the quay, no one recognized him. Men were there who had known him well twenty-five years before,—one or two even who had seen him tied with the rope and carried down to the shore on the day of the sailing of the ship. To all of these the marks of prosperity that invested him proved a sufficient disguise,—his rich fur coat, the quantities of luggage borne in his wake by two of the steamer hands.

It was early in the year for a gentleman to come to Boronach, and glances of curiosity and interest followed him as he passed through the people. It

was strange that no one cried out his name, for in truth he was himself but little changed: he was the same small, slight, nervous-looking man, his curls were still jet-black, and though his pale face was now marked by deep lines, the sunken blue eyes were still the eyes of the dreamer and the bard. His face worked emotionally as he left the pier and went up among the houses; his eyes swam in tears like a woman's. Opposite the site of his old home he stood still. Stables had been put up there, and their tarred roofs shone in the sun. As he looked at them the bard's veins swelled,—he clenched his hands instinctively. "What is all I have to me," he said to himself with restrained passion, "when that man escaped me?" After a little he walked on again, and with everything he saw his face changed: sometimes it was soft as a happy woman's; at other times it was dark and hard with the memory of old wrongs and the man who had done them. Barabel was standing in the porch of the catechist's house, a slight figure in a gray gown, her chestnut curls piled on the top of her head like a crown, her dark eyes questioning the stranger at the gate. Angus called to her. "Is it Barabel?" he said when they met. "Is it my little lassie?" All the hardship and suffering and loneliness of his long exile were ended. "I have

come home at last, Barabel," he said huskily. "For the few years that are left me, I have come home."

From the first there was a peculiarly strong bond of sympathy between the Bard and his daughter. All her life he had been a hero to Barabel, and she had loved his songs and understood them and been fired by them,—with an undercurrent of pride that the man who made them was her father. Now the man himself seemed the very embodiment of the songs, and if anything was wanting to knit the hearts of father and daughter, it was the news he brought of his own health. "I am a done man," he told her on the day he arrived. "The doctors have warned me of that. I have been so long alone that maybe I am not very easy to live with, but you will put up with me, Barabel, when you know it is not for long."

Barabel cried out sharply that he must not say that. Doctors were often mistaken; they would take care of him and nurse him, and he would soon be well. But the Bard shook his head. "I have scarcely had a day's health since I went away," he said. "But I have done what I resolved to do, and I am content."

He told her that first night, sitting in the little porch with the garden and road in front and the glimpse of famar and the sea seen through the trees, the story of his life in America. Barabel listened breathlessly, for no romance could be more thrilling. Angus began by telling her about his vow, when he sat on the deck of the emigrant ship and watched the burning of his house. Barabel shivered when she heard it, and it came into her mind to be thankful that Allan was dead. Then the Bard told of his experiences at the gold diggings, and of the long run of ill-luck that had wellnigh taken all heart from him. He told how he had broken down in

these days and been at death's door, and how a man named Andrew Ferguson had nursed him with the tenderness of a woman, and how afterwards they had gone into partnership and worked together on a claim till the tide turned and they had made a little nest-egg of money. "I would have stayed longer at the diggings," said the Bard, "but Andrew persuaded me to give it up, saying we might lose all we had gained. We came to New York, and invested what we had made in the business he had been brought up to. He had a great gift for business. I had none. If it had not been for him and for the vow I made, I would have given up. I would not have lived through the trouble and disappointment we had. I was often ill, and Andrew nursed me. He is from Cupar-Fife, a poor man's son like myself, but he was well educated. He is the best friend any one ever had. Well, we had success at last, Barabel—that was when you were sent to school first. I made up my mind that I would not come home till I could buy some land here in the old country,—land for the people, where my old friends in Boronach could be settled with a fair rent and every justice, and there would be no one over them but myself. Then I determined that you would have the education for such a position, and I sent home the money to William—to make you a lady, Barabel."

Barabel laid her hand caressingly on his. "That was long ago, father. Did it take you so long to be rich enough?"

"Child," said the Bard, "it is not so easy to be rich. If I was only thinking of myself, I would rather the life of a poor laboring man. We had losses. There was one time we lost almost everything we had made. I was ill with the worry and anxiety, but Andrew kept a good heart, and before

long we had the greatest success we had ever had. After that I met a man in New York who had been in Mr. Campbell's office in Port Erran." The Bard's face flushed and a look came into his eyes that frightened his daughter. "He told me," he said slowly, "what William had never told me, that Allan Stewart was dead—that he died three years after I left Boronach." He was silent a moment. "Barabel," he burst out then, "pray God you may never hate any one as I hated that man—that you may never have the reason."

"Father!" cried the girl in distress.
"Father——"

"Do not speak of him," he cried.
"Do not say a word. God has removed him—that is enough."

"Well," he continued, "the lad told me something more. He told me Sir David was in difficulties—that Boronach was not paying. That kept me another five years in America."

Barabel looked at him, not comprehending. "Why?" she asked. "How was that?"

Angus laughed. His eyes shone like a boy's. "To make more money," he said. "I have bought Boronach. It is mine. It is I who have bought it. There is no one who has the power here now except me."

Barabel's eyes held something like dismay. "Boronach!" she echoed stupidly. "You have bought Boronach, father!"

"I have," he said, smiling. "You did not expect that, lassie. I did not expect it myself—I that was thrown out of it, the house and land taken away from me. I have it now for my own, every hill and glen of it! We will live in the big house, Barabel, and no one will despise you as they despised and trampled on your father."

His face darkened at the word. He was like his daughter in the way his expression reflected his mood. There

was constantly a lightening or shadowing of his sensitive features: he had the face of the enthusiast and the dreamer.

Barabel was bewildered: she had not expected such a change in her lot as this news implied. It was a strange thing that she, who had striven all her days to be one with her own people, to regard herself as a mere stranger and foreigner among men and women of a higher rank, should now find herself in the position of a great lady.

"Father," she cried, "what shall we do with it? We are not great people, you and I."

"Do with it?" he answered, his eyes alight. "We will give it to the people. Is not that what I have been toiling for through everything? They will have justice on my land at least. They will have all I asked for when there was none to give it me."

Her face reflected the light of his enthusiasm. "If you were strong," she said wistfully, for she saw ill-health in his pale face and sunken eyes.

"I have done more than many a strong man," he made answer with pride. He looked at her. "You will make a lady of the land, Barabel," he said,—"I can see that."

She shook her head, laughing. "Not I, father," she cried,—"not I indeed."

It was the Bard's fancy to keep the news of the proprietorship of Boronach to himself for a time. He told his daughter that he wished to go among the people, and become acquainted with them and their circumstances, before telling them of the new relation in which he stood to them; and Barabel saw wisdom in the idea. There is no doubt that the first few weeks after Angus Grant's home-coming were among the happiest of his life. He walked the hills of Boronach exultantly, reaping sheer gladness as the harvest of the indomitable patience

and endurance of the years of his exile. He was welcomed among the people as a hero, and it must be confessed he was something of a hero to himself. Later on Mr. Rory found the Bard's pride in his own achievements something less than Christian. Barabel found great excuse for it. She was never done admiring him, and compassionating him for all that he had suffered and come through. Delicacy and temperament made him nervous and irritable and unreasonable, as soon appeared, but his enthusiasm for the people was irresistible, and he could be lovable as a child.

One thing, however, in her father dismayed and almost alarmed Barabel. This was his fierce burning hatred for the memory of Allan Stewart. Every now and then it broke out in a look or a word that startled her anew. Barabel began to feel that there had been something wrong in the close friendship between herself and Allan's son. She was too proud to call it by another name, though in the depths of her being she knew, and had known since the day of William's death, that their two lives were bound up together. More than once she was minded to speak of him to her father, and then when the moment came, with all her courage she found it impossible. One day on the hill above Carndhu the Bard stood still and looked down at the half-ruined cottage.

"The judgment of heaven came upon that man!" he said with feeling. "Vengeance belongs to the Almighty, and perhaps it is better he did not live, for if he had I would have taken mine."

Barabel grew white at the words and the tone. "Father," she cried, "surely it is a sin to hate any one like that!"

"A sin!" he burst out,—"a sin! I could tell you——" He stopped short. "I will not speak of him," he said.

"And you are right, too. I should be glad he is dead, and that we have nothing now to do with him or his."

"Father," she said again, "I should tell you——"

"What?" he cried.

The girl said nothing, and Angus was too full of his own thoughts to take note of her silence. She was angry with herself that she could not speak, blinding herself with this excuse and the other. "It is better," she said to herself, "that he should hear of him from others. He has only to see him, and he will know that Colin is no more like Allan than light is like darkness."

Strangely enough, Auntie Glen and Eppie made the same mistake. "It is better that they should meet," they said to themselves, "before he knows who Colin is." In these first few weeks Angus Grant did not hear Colin's name mentioned in the house. What might have been said was never said until it was too late.

Angus had a shock from another quarter.

The spirit that was agitating the place soon stirred him, as his very presence stirred the people to the memory of old wrongs. Sergeant M'Alastair had talks with him,—the people poured out their grievances to him: they looked for an ally in him, and were not disappointed. The day the ship sailed was called to mind, and Angus heard the story of how Barabel was found in the barn from the man who found her, and the old suspicion of Allan's having a hand in that business was mentioned. Things were raked out that might have been better forgotten. Your reformer must needs walk on dangerous ground sometimes. The place was in a blaze of agitation. Whoever owned Boronach, Angus saw that the people needed the arm of a just law behind them. However good

the landlord, the time was past when he should be sole arbiter of the people's destinies.

"We have been weak," one of the local members of the League said to him. "We were in need of some one to plead our cause, who would be heard outside our own small country. We have a man now who is to stand for us in this coming election, and it is

our belief he will win the battle for us."

Several men who were standing near as he spoke echoed his words, and the Bard inquired who this man was, and asked his name. The Leaguers looked at each other with a sudden consternation and shamefacedness.

"He has a misfortune there," said one slowly. "He is a son of Allan's."

(*To be continued.*)

A MOORISH SEAPORT.

Five years ago, when I made a little journey in Morocco and was detained for some ten days in the seaport of Larache, I wondered to myself how long it would be before flames would burst from the smouldering discontent engendered by the inevitable friction which I saw and felt around me. Now the conflagration has begun, and it may be of some interest to recall my experiences.

Larache is sixty miles from Tangier, and I reached it on the evening of the fourth day, having learnt for the first time what travel means in a country where there are no roads and no bridges. We had not reached it without risk, for we travelled without escort and indeed in contravention of orders; and the next European who made the same journey (a week later) lost his mules and baggage outside Larache. Even before we had learnt this depressing fact, my guide had determined that return by land would be too great a risk. Floods were out, and we might be detained indefinitely at any river, a prey too tempting to be indefinitely resisted. And there was a steamer lying in the river which only waited for a change in the weather to go to Tangier. I gave in, sent our mules and horses back under escort—which was available for them

though not for us—and having seen them across the ferry, went round to book passages. The captain of the vessel was present, and when the transaction was complete he remarked that he wondered that any one would attempt to travel by sea in the west of Morocco. "You don't know where you will get to, and you don't know when you will get there," he put it. Only then did I realize that his boat had lain for three weeks waiting for the bar to become passable, and that neither he nor any one else could give us the least idea of when the sea was likely to go down. Depressed, we returned to our tents, all the more depressed because the morning was fine and it would be pleasant marching along the beach to Arzila, however muddy might be the ways beyond.

Still, I had come out to see Africa, and Larache was undoubtedly an African town. Not one person in a thousand wore European dress. What the population numbered I could not conjecture. The town's extent is small; built on a steep slope running down the river, it formed roughly a semicircle, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, of which the river is the base. But within that small space folk are packed close. The main street may be six feet broad, the lesser

ones range from three feet to four across. Big or little, the whole population is inside the walls. Tangier has suburbs, but at Arzila and Laraiche, and I suppose at nearly all other Moorish towns, people prefer the safety of an enclosure. And the wall is not mere formality: Portuguese built, some thirty feet in height, it makes a strong protection against anything but cannon; and if you come after night-fall the gates are shut against you. Europeans can generally get in and out by persistence and civility; not so a Moor. Dwellers in the fifty or sixty tents pitched in the Soko must do all their business in the town before it turns dark. Once also I found myself excluded just after noon; it was a Friday, the Moors' Sabbath, and the She-reef explained to me that once at the hour of prayer in Andalusia a town was surprised by Christians: since then, in every Moorish city, guard is kept while the devout are in the mosques. Outside the wall were saint houses which needed no protection, and a couple of forts whose batteries commanded the landing; old muzzle-loading guns stood in them, such as were turned the other day on the French at Casa Blanca. The Soko, with its litter of dead mules and dogs languidly gnawing them, always raised a movement of disgust; but from the top of it led the track to Fez, and here there seemed to be always a troop of camels coming in or going out, filling a gap in the landscape. Another track led southwards, out between hedges of strong-growing aloe and prickly pear, on the way to Sallee and Rabat—easy going if we could have travelled it, for the river at Laraiche seems to make a division between sandy soil and clay; but in this direction there was no prospect of security. One day I strolled out by myself to where, a mile or so beyond the town, some fragments of older building tell of Phoenician or Ro-

man occupation. Among the stumps of walls, the ground was starry with blue crocuses; southward, the long line of cliff reached in sinuous curves; to the north, surf smoked along the beach to Cape Spartel; inland was the limitless rolling plain towards Marakesh, green and studded with tufts of scrub palm and strong-growing asphodel. It was all subdued in color under a gray sky, and all very lonely. But the feature which emphasized the loneliness—more even than the forlorn cry of a bird wheeling about me—was the spectacle of a steamer lying in the offing, beyond the ochre-colored town and the white fort, hoping against hope to discharge her cargo. Where she lay the sea was calm, slowly heaving; but on the bar, just under the fort, where river and sea met, was a muddy turmoil of furious water, cutting us off from the world—cutting me off from the news which I had begun to desire of my home and my friends. Even then, I began to feel in me the European's chafing against a natural obstacle which human ingenuity could so easily surmount. And as I found it at Laraiche, so it is at all the Moorish towns along that coast. There at that moment was the *Nabob* inside with passengers and cargo eager to get out; outside lay the other steamer eager to get her wares in; in the port were the big lighters, ready for the job—when Allah pleased to permit. Europe does not choose to wait till Allah pleases, and the trouble at Casa Blanca began about some harbor works.

What followed helped me to realize the point of view of Europe pretty sharply. I had reached Laraiche on a Saturday, sent off my animals on the Monday; and on the Tuesday morning, word came to us early that the steamer would start. We went down, saw the Gibraltar gentleman (a large, fat, red-whiskered scorpion) who issued tickets; learnt from him it was true,

went back, struck tents in the usual downpour, and came through the town with a procession of laden donkeys. After long delays waiting for a customs officer to appear (and do nothing) we got aboard, and found our captain greatly put about because he had received a letter from his employer in Gibraltar complaining of his delay. We waited again, this time for a pilot to come on the scene, but we waited more contentedly, for the grubby little cabin was dry shelter at all events, and we were sick of the chilly contact with wet ground underfoot. Still no pilot; and without authorization from the captain of the port, no ship can go out except at the risk of its officer. At last, about two o'clock, came a boat with the pilot's flag, but heavily laden with other passengers—and the delay was explained. The English Consul was grievously ill, and it had been decided to send him to Gibraltar for an operation which might save his life: Laralche has no doctor; people die or live entirely "by the will of Allah." His wife was with him, and it was pitiable and touching to see the Moorish servants in their bright-colored clothes lift this gray-bearded, gray-faced man over the rail on deck—directed by a European missionary who had some medical qualifications. We started down the river then—an hour too late. The local wind and rain had raised the surf, and as soon as we sighted the bar, it was plain we should be ordered back.

What followed will always stay in my mind as the strangest mixture of gloom and grotesque. The afternoon was wet and blowy, the whole scanty cabin accommodation was appropriated to the invalid: so the Shereef (my guide) and I took up our station on the platform in the engine-room; and thither also after a while the captain drifted. He did not complain about the grave inconvenience, the possible injury which

had been brought on him by this ill-starred attempt; the hardest of us would put aside his own concerns in sorrow for a countryman thus sentenced to die in a far-off country for want of what elsewhere might easily be had. But the sailor in him had to growl, and growl he did. There was no place for him on board his own ship, he said, and he was going to have on board the two things which every sailor hated—a corpse and a parson. And all these troubles he poured out, not in Spanish, for he knew none, but in the strange dialect which served as a medium between him and his Spanish crew.

"Much more better he stay at home. Why they bring him on board? No possible to do anything here. That parson fellow he savey nothing, nothing I tell you, absolutely *nada*."

Most of the discourse was addressed to the Shereef, with whom, because he was a Moor, the captain introduced even more Spanish than with me. A bond of sympathy was established, and as the uncomfortable day wore through the Shereef and the skipper were becoming fast friends. There was still talk of a possible departure by the night tide; the sky had cleared, a full moon shone, and the pilot was under promise to come aboard at midnight. I heard the captain telling him that would dash him the best box of cigars he could get in Gibraltar. "You tell him that, Shereef—a box of cigars *muios bonos* than he ever saw in his life. Much more better. If possible at all, he let us go out, you tell him." It was left at that when I turned in on the bridge, occupying the hammock bed in which the sick man had been carried aboard while my mattress was in use below. The Shereef and his new friend were talking theology, and the practical advantages of Islam were being set forth with eloquence. The last I heard was a request from the captain

for another story to put him to sleep—for the Shereef, leaving argument, had turned to his repertory of folk-tales. At midnight, we were wakened by the pilot. He would not chance it, admitted later that he never meant to chance it. So I slept again till, in the gray morning, I heard the missionary rousing the captain from where he slept curled up in the blankets beside the Shereef. The sick man was to be taken ashore.

Dawn was waking up the wide valley which led to El Kazar; and the first rays through that sky suffused with water turned all into a glory of gold. But as it lightened, the yellow grew cool, then cold; and when again I saw the lamentable business of lifting the poor body over the boat's rail, gray pallor was over everything, and on the face of the man they lifted. His wife sat by him, with a hand laid on his knee, a hand on his shoulder, as if to hold him back. A few hours later we passed his house in the town: there was a gathering round the door, where faces told the story before I learned that he was dead.

That day continued as it had begun, bright, and a windless calm. The Shereef and I went along the shore to the old fort where it juts out over the river, and full below it is the bar. Windless it was, but the waves ramped there with the same insensate violence, swelling in, curling over, and shattering down. Somewhere in the North Atlantic it blew or had been blowing, and far down the coast the recoil of water was flung. Out here, watching the river sat an old Moor, who, the Shereef told me, had been till recently the captain of the port—a man who knew the bar as no one else knew it. But merchants complained that he would not take risks, that their vessels lay idle outside while he forbade the lighters to go out. So a new man was appointed in his place,

and thirty Moors out of two lighters were drowned in one day.

He had nothing cheerful to say to us. "You missed your chance yesterday"—"When?" (in answer to our question) "Allah knows. Perhaps in a week." Nevertheless the delay seemed impossible. The day was so calm, the sun so strong, it seemed certain we should only have one tide more to wait. Even to-day, the sea might possibly run down. High as it was it was not so high that we could afford to go away; there might come a change in the afternoon, and the *Nabob* slip out—without us.

No change came. That afternoon we went aboard again, and established ourselves as best we could in the cabin. But the captain was gloomy company. Things had got on his nerves: the death, the delays, the fear of a heavy trouble with his employers; and he lamented himself without ceasing. We turned in early, but I heard him go on deck about two. I heard too what took him there—the sound of the rising bar. In a minute he returned.

"I may tell you," he said, "that we have no more chance of crossing that bar to-morrow than of going to heaven."

That was only the beginning. For the rest of the small hours, I lay tossing and listening to groans from the skipper's cabin; and when at last about dawn I heard him strop a razor, I jumped up and asked peremptory questions as to what he wanted it for. It was a positive relief to go and attend the funeral.

Yet even with that, grim comedy also was mingled. We followed the body to the Christians' burying ground—the Moors, who attended in great numbers, stopping at the gate; we listened in heavy rain to the burial service; and then we came away to prosecute an inquiry for the captain's coat.

For in the confusion of departure

from the boat, some of the sick man's clothes had been left and apparel of the captain's taken instead—a coat and trousers, and in the coat pocket was the manifest of his cargo. Inquiry yielded no result, and a grim suspicion began to grow up—half-serious, half-jesting in its origin—that the corpse had been buried in no other clothes than these, and that the *Nabob's* manifest was in the English Consul's coffin. The more we discussed, the more we inclined to the view that if not the captain's coat, at least his trousers had had the burial service read over them that day. One may judge of the effect on a man in his state of nerves.

Again I went on my pilgrimage to the bar, again we found the old pilot; and again the bar raged in fury. Half-a-dozen Moors were there chatting together, philosophic folk. I stood by myself in an embrasure of the ramparts and cursed the waves with an anger as unreasonable as their own.

Africa is the place to teach you why primitive man had Gods. Modern engineering would dredge a channel through that bar, and people might come and go as they pleased; modern government would build roads and bridges and police them, so that whoever did not care to go by water need not stay like a rat in a trap, with an inaccessible destination only fifty miles off. But without modern contrivances your movements are the concern of the weather. I, not realizing how fully this was the case, had parted with the horses and mules, which gave me at least an alternative; and now the bar with whatever power controlled it had me absolutely at its mercy. That was how men felt when they prayed to Poseidon.

I have never hated anything with the same detestation as I hated that bar. In sheer loathing I turned from it—but its sound followed me as I went back to the town. There in the tiny

Spanish café I found the captain and with him two other Europeans, one an Englishman who had hospitably invited me to shoot next day if the weather stayed bad. While we sat and talked, came a messenger bringing—glorious trophy—the missing garments. I think it was from then that the captain's spirits began to recover.

We set out for the ship and got into the boat manned by two Portuguese sailors. It was blowing very strong, and they hoisted the big lateen sail with which we had come ashore that morning, not without a risky manoeuvre in the strong current. Now the sail was nearly taken out of their hands as they shook it out, and in the flurry the captain's hat went overboard and drifted away to leeward. "It's a dollar," he said; "I won't let it go." So we put her after it, picked it up, and again began to hoist the sail. But the wind had taken her far out in the flood water, and while the men were still struggling to fix the hook of the tackle on to the spar, the wind in the half-furled canvas drove her headlong and there was a sharp bump. She bounded off, but next moment a stream of water told us what happened. She had hit the fluke of an old anchor, and smashed a handsome hole in her bottom. It was down sail then and pull your best back to the wharf; she just made it. By the time we had her hauled clear and could see the damage, a message came down to me with hospitable invitations to stay ashore that night instead of going aboard. As we were to start early for shooting next day I accepted gladly, and did not return to the *Nabob* till the afternoon—a day that had gone pleasantly, tramping with a gun—first through scrubby upland after woodcock (not to be found), then along the river where famous snipe grounds were flooded out, and finally through glorious orange groves, where we prowled incongru-

ously gun in hand under trees golden with fruit, over ground littered with oranges, and white with many-flowered narcissus.

Our bag was all oranges—oranges of every kind, but above all the Tangerine, exquisite, plump and juicy in that day of sun. I brought my welcome with me back to the *Nabob*.

Whether it was that the captain and I had heightened each other's gloom or no I cannot tell; but anyhow we met in good spirits. The bar indeed ran high as ever, though the day was dead calm; but he said he had decided to think no more about it, and so did I.

Perhaps that was why next day it looked at least hopeful. Again I went to the look-out station, again I saw breakers less fierce indeed, but I knew too well how quickly they would rise. It was a serious matter, for the tide was that day at five: If this chance failed there would be two days of dark tides when we could not get out even with smooth water. I lunched with my hospitable friends ashore, and found them none too certain; still steam was being got on the *Nabob*, and boats were coming and going. About three I went out. If the deck had been full before, now it was overflowing, and on the bridge stood and chatted a whole army of Mecca pilgrims. Then at half-past three the pilot came aboard. He would as yet say nothing certain; and presently to my despair he rowed off. The captain's despair was even greater: he hailed him in his emphatic lingo, but the Moor, dignified in his blue-and-white robes, took no notice, and went quietly on his way. Then followed an hour of anxiety, and at last we saw the flag and moved down. Breakers showed again over the spit, and in the very river they stopped us for a last load—some cases of eggs—each some four feet each way. The boat was

slowed down, the lighter grappled to her, and in frantic haste the crates were swung aloft and deposited in the single spot on deck where one found clear footing. The captain let her go, and with the lighter still grappled to her, she started down the channel. I can still see the poise of one of the boatmen—a splendid fair-haired fellow, erect on the bows, one hand tightly grasping the tow-rope. They cast off from us opposite to the wharf, and then came impassioned shouts from the agent on shore bidding the captain stop for three more passengers. I said to him, "Don't stop for your mother," and he replied grimly, "I wouldn't"; so it happened that an American millionaire on his way down from Fez with the Sultan's escort had to go home overland.

Heaven knows there was enough on that boat already, apart from any chances of big waves getting bigger. On the bridge the captain and the man at the wheel were using their elbows vigorously to clear a little space round them, while the *Nabob* was getting out: close in now under the fort (and here the pilot dropped off in his boat), then right out on the bar itself abreast of the league-long line of breakers, that happily here in the river channel were not breaking at present.

Very slowly, going heavy with her freight like a woman far gone, she swam out, sidled up and over the first, the second, the third, the fourth, and I heard the man at the wheel say, "Full speed now, captain," as he spun the helm over to slant her down the slope of the last. But the captain kept her as she was: she ducked over the next, and the next, and then came the one he was waiting for, and had seen coming—a great mound of green water. Very slowly she rose almost to the top, then I saw it fall in on her, and I saw the man in the bows run to cover. I started to do the same, thinking to get

behind the wind awning, but I had counted without the Shereef, who seized me in a strong grip and held me where I was, while a mass of the wave toppled clean over us. It seems he thought I was going to fall overboard, and was surprised to find my gratitude so small as I ran down to change my drenched garments.

I came up again to congratulate the captain, but found him far from happy, and wishing he was round Cape Spartel. He had about fifty miles to run and a fine evening; so it seemed to me that though her paddle was three parts under water all was rosy enough. But presently as she began to go with a queer kick, like a lame horse, and the slight list to one side grew accentuated, I realized that if ever a light wind rose we should be much safer ashore. The fifty pilgrims were strewn in heaps, almost to a man deadly seasick and all deadly nervous, for they had never been on the sea before. We tried to shift them to the port side to ease the list, but it was like moving sheep. After dark it grew cold and I thought to leave the bridge. But the decks were piled thick with cargo, the ship rolled, and the least that could happen to me was to walk on two or three prostrate Moors. The captain said that he would not stay to pick me up, and things being as they were I stayed where I was till we reached Tangier roads, and settled in to pass the night till we could get pratique and go ashore in the morning.

I never was so glad to be off a boat. I felt free again—able to defy weather and the gods of the weather. And, were I living in Larache, I would do my best like any other European to be free—free to come and go and to transact business without any avoidable hindrance.

That is one aspect of the question,
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but a journey in Morocco shows the other side. The Moor has his own way of life, in his own country which he has chosen: he is tolerant of many things, to us intolerable. Only one thing will stir him to violent action, and that is the fear of radical change—the fear of the European. "Plant a tree and it will grow to your profit, plant a man and he will root out," says the Moor's own proverb. Who is to say that the Moor is unwise to refuse to allow the European leave to plant himself or be planted in Morocco? When some speculators came to the late Sultan with a request for mining concessions, he answered gravely that under the soil in Morocco were many djinns; once let out these bad spirits, it might be hard to get them in again. The answer was probably put down for a trait of superstition; but every Moor knew what djinns were meant.

Coveted by many nations, propped up by competing jealousies, Morocco remains a piece of the old world. To its inhabitants a harbor or bridge or road seems built to let the Europeans in on their fastnesses. At present they have what may well be chosen before roads or bridges, even before steam-engines and telegraphs: they have peace of mind, a way of life that suits them, and a faith which they believe. At the other end of Africa, Europe has established a focal centre where for seven days in every week and twenty-four hours in every day men are tearing at earth's entrails: it is much if on Christmas morning they remit the labor after gold. In Morocco there are gold mines. If another Johannesburg sprang up there, who, I wonder, would be the gainers? Not the Moors assuredly; and, feeling this, friendly as they may be with this or that white man, they fend off the contact of Europe like a pestilence.

S. Gwynn.

THE SUB-LIEUTENANT.

The war had lasted for nearly a year, and the Islanders were getting very tired of it. This particular war had been immensely popular to begin with. Even the Labor members had given it a lukewarm benediction. Here was a case of a great big bullying Power squeezing the life out of a little nation a tenth her size. Clearly a case in which it was righteous for the Islanders to interfere. But instead of dry-docking their ships and calling in their reserves, what must they do but trust at first to moral suasion and peaceful protests. Teutonia and moral suasion! As well attack an ironclad with a bradawl as expect her to listen to a protest unbacked by fleets and armies.

Now the Islanders are slow to anger, but being angry, even their rulers obey them. The last straw, after months of futile negotiations, was placed on the Islanders' back by a certain Teutonic cornet of horse named Schultz, who barbarously did to death an Islander named Jones—an inoffensive bagman who, despite rumors of war, was quietly pushing his firm's wares in the Teutonic capital.

To him, sitting at his ease in a café with a mug of cool lager before him, one evening appeared Schultz, the better for drink and spoiling for a quarrel. Says Schultz, "You verdomt Islander, drink damnation to your pig of a king." Jones, meek man, protests; no use. Schultz, amidst plaudits, tries to force the liquor down his throat. The slow Island temper blazes out, and cornet Schultz, to his infinite amazement, finds himself lying on his back in a pool of beer, stars twinkling before an eye which will undoubtedly be black ere morning. Wrathfully rising, he draws his sword and transfixes Jones, the point standing out a foot or so beyond his poor respectable back.

For this murder the cornet is sentenced to one year's detention in a fortress, afterwards reduced to six months on account of "the slight offered to the uniform and the great provocation received."

Jenkins's ears over again. War at last is seen to be inevitable, and with "Remember Jones" for a battle-cry, the Islanders slowly make their preparations. Democracy is as much enraged by an outrage upon one of its members as ever was king by an aspersion upon his title.

Then one bright summer morning the Island hums like a hive of angry bees with the news that Teuton cruisers are already summoning the Island's trade, and that all ships flying the red duster in Teuton ports have been seized. It might have been foreseen, it might have been prevented, but as a fact it was neither.

Follows a formal declaration of war, read with much pomp from the summit of many flights of steps. The naval schools break up *sine die*, lieutenants take up their war appointments, the ports are patrolled, and the fleets get to sea.

Meanwhile the enemy throws a tiny fraction of his hosts upon shipboard, making use of the shipping so kindly lent to him by the Islanders. An armada puts to sea, but once more the weather, luck, and an Island admiral keep the white shores intact.

Such Teutons as reach the beach have no further interest in matters mundane; but the bulk of them return in safety. The Island admiral is killed when on the point of victory, and nothing catastrophical takes place. Thenceforward for many months a close blockade of the great Teutonic war harbors provides but scant copy for the halfpenny press. The Island

stocks and shares go down, war debt is piled on, but their ports are open and their trade flourishes.

Now let us have a look at the blockading fleets. There are two of them, one with a base at a "certain spot" in Daneland guarding the Belts. This admiral has convoyed the hundred and fifty thousand fighting men of the Island to the Daneland frontier, and this little army, joining hands with the Daneland little army, has already fought in two bloody encounters. The fighting is equal, but that great giant, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of a host, Power of Sea, pressing from the two flanks, prevents much advance of the Teuton millions. The south of Daneland is overrun, but no more, and nothing Teutonic enters or leaves the Sound, the Great Belt, or the Little. *Mare Balticum* is *mare clausum*.

On the other side the Frisian rivers are closed too. Teuton oversea trade is at a standstill. Now and again some speedy cruiser escapes the cordon and sinks a few Island merchantmen before sharing their fate. Inshore are the light craft of the blockaders—destroyers, torpedo-boats, 15-knot picket-boats, the latest thing in submarines. For them at all times life is strenuous. The Teutonic torpedo men are chafing at inaction, and now and again get leave to try a fall with the enemy. Then there is a spitting and a cracking of small guns and a firing of rockets. The quick advent of a "scout" from the offing sends the Teutons scurrying back. They are biding their time, repairing their ships damaged in the great fight off Yarmouth, hoping to wear out the Islanders and their patience in the winter storms.

The heavy squadrons of the blockaders keep well away—out at sea, up and down, ever changing their path for fear of meeting Makaroff's fate, ready for the instant summons by

wireless from the light craft inshore. Regularly they are relieved, a ship at a time; but the Island dockyards are full, and repairs are slow. "Not enough to make quite certain," the admirals report, and the Clyde and the Tyne and the Dockyard mateys (stung to a reasonable activity for once in their lives) vie with one another in patching and shifting and renewing.

So it goes on through the winter, and the spring comes round and the early summer, and men shake their heads and say it is a stalemate, longing for peace.

In the fleet off the Frisian Islands let us consider a certain torpedo-boat, No. 210. She was a good boat, her haggard lieutenant would tell you,—one of the best. Fairly new, carrying three 18-in. torpedo-tubes, two of which could be fired on either broadside, and three 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns. A Maxim had also been mounted amidships since the beginning of the war,—a useful weapon in a scurrying midnight fight. She could steam twenty-five knots at a pinch, and rolled like Gehenna in an earthquake, as her sub said.

She had been a lucky boat; had been in and out of several hot little scraps inshore without losing a man killed, though several of her original crew were recovering from honorable wounds at Haslar. Disreputable she looked, for there was little time for painting in those days; but her skipper, a two-stripe lieutenant called Mackinnon, and a first-rate sailor, knew her to be staunch and well-found, while the anxious commodore of the division of boats she belonged to always felt a little less anxious than usual when he knew that 210 formed the apex of the wedge, which as night fell stood in and up the broad river as far as they might dare—so far that when very daring they could see, under the searchlight's glare, the great boom protecting

the harbor mouth within. It is a river which flows some miles into the sea after it has left the land behind it. It runs between treacherous, shifting sands for three leagues or so before it joins with the deep water. Across the sands are little rivulets of water, where fishing-boats and small sailing craft may find a way, even at the lowest tide, if they have a practised master. These sands had taken toll of the Islanders' flotilla; the bones of two destroyers lay bleaching—one on Hohe reef, the other on the Voslaap sand—and served as beacons to the survivors. Mines there had been at first, which had proved equally damaging to either side, blowing up on one and the same day a Teuton cruiser and an Island torpedo-gunboat. After that the Teutons themselves removed what they could, or sent them adrift down the river, whence they went to sea and blew up a Gallie merchantman or two, being no nice respecters of neutrals' rights.

The Islanders, by the operation known as "creeping," had removed most of the rest, so that, apart from its uneasy shoals, the river was as navigable as a river can be when all its customary lights, buoys, and beacons have been removed.

On a sunny morning, an hour after sunrise, towards the end of May, you might have seen *210* slowly steaming out of the river to where her parent ship lay rolling slightly in the easy sea. She had been on duty all night, and now had twelve hours in the second line, during which time she had to coal—for it had been found essential to coal even torpedo-boats at sea—and take in any ammunition and supplies which were wanted.

The gunner was in charge on the bridge, and in the little wardroom the Lieutenant and his sub were making a very mixed meal, which was either an early breakfast or a latish supper.

The Lieutenant seemed thoughtful; presently, "They seemed mighty quiet up the river last night," he said.

"Yes," answered the sub, a very tall, athletic-looking boy, who would have had fair hair and pink cheeks if he had been an undergraduate and not a torpedo-boat sub in war-time. "Yes, sir, there were only one or two picket-boats about, as far as I saw, and that battery on the point seemed too bored to fire even when they had us under the searchlight."

"Rum thing; don't understand the beggars," muttered the Lieutenant. "If only we could get through that d—d boom. I'd give a year's pay to know what they were doing behind it, and if there was the smallest chance of getting through I'd go for it. Those fellows in the forts have got so slack that they wouldn't wake up till we were right on top of it. But we could never get through. It's no good wasting any more torpedoes at it either. They've got a light wooden screen or something in front of it which is bound to explode a torpedo too soon for it to do any harm."

"The only chance would be to take the dinghy and go and put some gun-cotton on it," said the sub.

"No, that would be no good," the other answered; "they'd spot you at once. They've got used to seeing our boats at long range and don't waste ammunition now, but they'd wake up fast enough if a dinghy came drifting up the river. There wouldn't be one chance in a million that it would get through."

"Well then, let me have a swim for it, sir," laughed the sub.

"Swim?" . . . the older man thought awhile. "By Jove, why not? There might be a chance. But they've got wire hawsers out across the channel just below the Bay on the Haven side, with a netting on the top, on purpose to stop floating mines coming up, or

anything of the sort. You'd have to take a raft-load of gun-cotton with you to do any good, and you would never get it into the Bay on that side. Those nets won't stop a torpedo,—we've sent several through it, you know. Banbury in the *Centipede* was telling me about it the other day. But they will stop anything else. The only conceivable chance would be to get round under the Eckwarden shore. It's shoal water right up to the point there—look at the chart,—dries right out at low tide, in fact, though there are six fathoms just round the corner in the Bay. But the tide runs like a mill-race. You could do nothing even if you did drift up past the point."

They got out the already well-known chart and pored over it attentively.

"Let's see," said the sub; "it's five thousand yards across from one side to the other. One couldn't swim it. These nettings are only in the Haven channel, ain't they?"

"Yes. You see it would do no good getting into the Bay by the eastern channel. There's deep water, but it's watched, and the Bay itself is such a labyrinth of shoals that one could hardly get across to the Haven at night, even in a picket-boat. *208* tried it a week ago, but it was no use; she was spotted at once, and had to run for it."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I should like to do—make Old Mortality tow me there, and then let her loose against the boom."

The lieutenant laughed. "You had better take Tiny Tim and make a tandem of them," he said.

The sub did not answer; he seemed lost in thought, and presently had a long conversation with the gunner and the engineer warrant officer, who both came in to feed when the lieutenant went on deck.

Coaling was finished by ten o'clock, the coal being slung on board in sacks

from the derrick arm of the depot ship. Then the anchor was dropped, and all hands but the two seamen on duty slept the sleep of utter fatigue.

About four o'clock the lieutenant woke up; both warrant officers were snoring soundly, but the sub was missing. He tumbled out of his bunk and went on deck, where to his astonishment he found the sub and an L.T.O. doing something to one of the forward torpedoes, the stern end of which, as far as the air-chamber, was protruding from its tube.

"What in Hades are you up to?" he said, angry that his already carefully adjusted weapons should be touched without his orders. The sub looked sheepish. Mackinnon examined closely the work the two had been engaged upon.

It must be explained that the propeller shafting of a torpedo is hollow, forming an exhaust-pipe for the air from the engines. Into this orifice the L.T.O. (which being interpreted signifies leading torpedo-man) was fitting something which looked like a thick broom-handle, but was really the pole or rammer used for pushing the torpedo home in the tube. This stave was now wedged tight into the torpedo's tail, and three external grooves were cut in it, so as to allow the exhaust air to escape. A spade-handle arrangement was swivelled on to the rammer's end so that the handle could be grasped and held when the rammer revolved with the shafting. A light broke upon Mackinnon. "You young scoundrel, you ought to be court-martialled. Do you really want to have a go?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"How are you going to work these gadgets?"

The sub explained.

"Are those exhaust-holes in the rammer big enough?"

The stop-valve was turned on and

the air hissed cheerfully out of the grooves.

"Take the clamp off and see if she'll run."

The stop-valve was closed while the L.T.O. took off the clamp securing the propellers; then he screwed it open, laid the water-tripper flat, and pulled back the starting lever; the propellers whizzed round viciously enough.

"Seems all right," said Mackinnon. "That will do. Now," to the sub, "you'd better come below and explain to me exactly what it is you want to try and do."

The sub told me the story when the war was over, and he—a sub no longer—and I were sitting at our ease watching the pretty procession of a summer's morning up and down the Ladies' Mile.

"Mackinnon behaved like a brick," he said, "once he had got over the jar of my fiddling about with Old Mortality without his leave. We had a lower-deck wag on board who had nicknamed our three torpedoes. The other two were Tiny Tim and Oliver Twist,—because the one was a trifle small in the gauge, and Oliver had a gyro which never gave much of a diagram — made him go a bit queer towards the end of a run. A sticky rotary valve it was, I suppose, or else the bearings of one of the gymbals were too loose or too tight. Why Old Mortality I can't say, but it was not a bad name as things turned out.

"We stood up the river at nightfall, with a destroyer on either beam and half a dozen more spread out fan-shaped behind. A 't.b.' was always put in front as being less valuable if she discovered a mine-field; also, of course, because she would draw less water. It was not long before we ran across some of the Teuton boats and had the usual perfunctory scrap; but both sides had orders not to engage seriously unless the enemy became too

enterprising, so we hauled off a bit and lay quiet. It was a very dark night, and the tide had been flowing perhaps an hour and a half. The searchlights in the distance on either side of the entrance to the Bay were blazing as usual, and helped to emphasize the blackness. The moon was in its first quarter and the sky was cloudy,—an ordinary sort of warm, drizzling May evening. At about ten o'clock we slung Old Mortality over the side, having first completed his toilet inboard. The fakements that the L.T.O. and I had arranged worked all right, but Mackinnon suggested one or two more. At his suggestion we led a lanyard from the starting lever through a small wheel and ratchet arrangement fixed on near the end of a rammer, like a window-blind clip, so that the lever when pulled aft stayed aft until the lanyard was released. The water-tripper we wedged upright. Mackinnon said that even with the air-delay valve closed she would run about six knots, and he didn't suppose I could stand being towed faster than that!

"I'm afraid this is all Greek, though, to you?"

"If it was, I could understand it better," I answered. "But go on, please; I can follow more or less."

"It's simple enough," he said, "if you get the valves into your head. First there's the stop-valve, which is the valve nearest to the air-chamber. This is simply a solid piece of metal you screw up and down with a kind of box-spanner called a key. Then there's the starting-valve, which is out of action till the stop-valve is open. It's really two valves, but don't bother about that. When the starting- or air-lever, as it's called too, is pulled or knocked backwards, it opens its valve. If the lever is pulled right aft as far as it will go, it catches in a cocking cam, and is held there against the tension of a spring, which is always try-

ing to pull it forward. The air-delay valve comes next, and is a valve made a bad fit on purpose, so as to allow a little air to pass through when the other two valves are open—enough to revolve the propellers slowly. The object of this is to prevent the screws racing when the torpedo is in the air, between the water and the tube. It's not wanted in below-water tubes, really. When the torpedo strikes the water, the water-tripper, which is a small piece of steel sticking out at right angles to the torpedo's back, is knocked flat by the water. The tripper works the air-delay valve, and on being knocked back opens this leaky valve wide, and the torpedo goes full speed ahead. The chief thing I had to look out for was not to cock my air-lever, as if I had done that I could only have stopped and started my torpedo with the stop-valve key—a practical impossibility from my position at his tail. I could tell from the tension of the spring when I was getting near the cocking point. See?"

I nodded dubiously, not being so clear about it as I could have wished.

"We took out the gyro," he continued, "and put ballast in its place. Then we pumped him up to 1500 lb., though he was only marked for 1350. But these R.G.F. air-vessels will stand anything almost. The safety-pin we decided to leave in the pistol. I had to chance something, and blowing up a sandbank would have done no good.

"I had on a thick layer of sperm-oil, also a pair of shorts, a sweater, and an old coat, in the pocket of which I put a body-spanner, a small flask of whisky, some chocolate in a small tin, and a whistle. I was to blow this three times if I wanted picking up; but I can't say I ever expected to use it. The stop-valve key I hung round my neck.

"As a final touch, we locked the controlling gear to give a shade of up-

rudders, putting the releasing arrangement of both counter and controlling gear out of action, and set the hydrostatic valve for surface running, or as near it as possible. Then I put on a cork jacket over all, for these side-lug torpedoes have only a few pounds of buoyancy.

"As I went over the side, after shaking hands with Mackinnon and the two W.O.'s, one of the hands whispered hoarsely, 'Remember Jones, sir.' I was glad to have something to laugh at just then. The sea seemed very large all of a sudden, and I seemed very small.

"I got a good grip of Old Mortality's wooden tail in one hand, and pulled back the starting-lever lanyard an inch or two. He went off quietly, pulling me after him, at perhaps a couple of knots. The boat became a blur, then disappeared. I manœuvred the torpedo this way and that for a few minutes, glad to find that his head swung easily in the required direction, then set a course for the Eckwarden shore. The water was quite smooth, but was still pretty cold; and not knowing just for how long I would be able to stand it, did not want to waste time. The tide was flowing strongly by now, and we were heading across it in an easterly direction. Before long a searchlight swung round on me, but it was much too far off as yet to bother about.

"After what seemed a century, but was perhaps half an hour, I felt bottom, and knew I must have come to the edge of the Bolthorne sand. I stopped the engines and walked cautiously forward, pushing the torpedo in front of me. The water shoaled till it was only up to my knees.

"I stumbled along till I could dimly make out the beach—a black line a little darker than the rest of the night. Keeping this on my left hand, I turned south, letting Old Mortality give me a tow now and then as the water got

deeper with the incoming flood. The searchlights in the fort at the point were turned upon the channel and the edge of the sand, and I did not get into their path again. Judging that I was perhaps a hundred yards from the beach and a few hundreds more from the point,—it was, of course, quite impossible to tell precisely what the distances were,—I shut off the air and drifted. Suddenly there came to me the sound of oars and voices. A row-boat of some kind was right ahead of me. The water by now was up to my armpits, and the cork jacket prevented me from getting any foothold, nor did I dare start the engines.

"It was a case of drift and chance it. The boat seemed to be pulling right into me,—was so close that I involuntarily ducked to escape the sweep forward of the blades, then was gone into the night. It was a very near thing. They must all have been half asleep.

"There was a battery of light guns almost by the water's edge, and the swirl of the tide took me in so close that I could hear the gunners' voices. The searchlights, playing over my head, were farther inland, on slightly rising ground, I believe, beyond the battery. A few minutes more in the now racing tide and I was safely in the Bay. As soon as I dared I set Old Mortality going, making a bad job of it with my numb hands, and pulling the lanyard too far back. He shot off, nearly leaving me behind altogether, and frightening me so that I let the lever go forward with a clash. Immediately there was a shouting and commotion from another boat inshore of me. Teuton voices challenging gruffly. I pulled the lever back again, and we went off in earnest; I was more than half-choked with a smother of water, and lost all idea of direction.

"I suppose I was a bit dazed and numb all over by this time, but hung

on somehow, praying that the tripper would not be knocked flat by the rush of water. If that had happened I could not have held on, but Mackinnon's little wedge did not come out and the delay-valve remained closed.

"The next thing I remember was a sudden bump. I was shot forward and nearly lost my arm from the propellers, which went on whizzing although we were at a standstill. By great good luck they only just touched me, doing more damage to my coat than my skin. We had charged a sandbank.

"I found my feet and closed the stop-valve, then listened attentively. Hearing nothing, I looked about me. The searchlights on either side of the entrance to the Bay were a long way off now, and my position, as well as I could judge, seemed to be right out in the middle of the Bay between the Banter and Stollhammer sands.

"Old Mortality and I were in a sort of shallow hollow—a dyke, which ran for nearly thirty yards into the sand. Under his stern there were still some three feet of water, but his nose was high and dry, and try as I would I could not move him. The only chance of getting him off seemed to be to wait and hope that the flood-tide was not yet done with.

"But it was—or very nearly. I had lost more time wading under the Eckwarden shore than I supposed. The water rose another six inches, another foot. I heaved and tugged at Mortality's nose, but it was no good. I sat down with my feet in the water, and I think cried a little. I was icy cold for one thing, and my job had gone wrong.

"Then suddenly I felt it growing light. You know what I mean. You cannot see that it is any lighter if you look round, but yet you feel the dawn. I took off my clothes and wrung them out, standing on dry sand. Faugh, how the sperm-oil reeked! I couldn't

get rid of the stink of it for days.

"Gradually the sky turned gray, and I could see things about me. A curlew came and had a look at me, then flitted away, quite angry at my unwarrantable company. Perhaps she had a nest near by.

"The half-light showed me that the top of the sand was about a foot above high water mark, and as big perhaps as four billiard tables put together. Cleaving the middle of it was the gully up which we had shot so violently. The gully was interrupted half-way across the sand by an obstruction of sea-weed, sand, and sea-wrack of every kind, including an old boot. It was into, or rather on to, this barricade that the torpedo had charged. He now lay on it with his nose cocked up in the air at an angle of forty-five.

"I swallowed half my whisky and a little chocolate. The situation seemed less desperate. I should have to spend the day on my sand-bank, but it seemed clear that with reasonable luck I could pull away the sea-weed and stuff from under Mortality and float him off at the next high-tide, or even with luck an hour or more before it, since the gully only dried right out during the last hour of the ebb. That, of course, I discovered later.

"Presently the sun rose, and I covered my torpedo up in sea-weed, lest his bright sides should attract attention. But there was little likelihood of that. We were well out in the Bay over two miles from the nearest beach, and the gully entirely hid us from view except for a small space to the eastward.

"The morning grew warm: I worked away at the pile of sea-weed, and the sun dried me. In the afternoon I even slept a little at times. Waking up towards evening out of a lively nightmare I took a look towards the Haven, cautiously crawling out of the dyke till my eyes were just above the level

of the sand. The boom was about three miles away, I judged, and the masts and fighting-tops of such of the Teuton fleet as had escaped thither after the battle of Yarmouth were clearly visible against the blue sky. They were, I supposed, behind the big lock-gates, in the basin beyond. As I looked I saw two of the masts move a little, then sort themselves out from the rest, and presently begin to sink to a different level. I gazed spell-bound. This could only mean one thing—the Haven squadron must be getting ready to leave harbor!

"They took a long time warping her through the lock, and the sun was setting before she was clear of it and at anchor behind the breakwater. Even from where I was I could recognize her as one of the *Ersatz* class, by her clumsy-looking tops. I watched till it was dark, but could see no further movement.

"No, I can't say I was feeling very fit. I had emptied my flask and finished my chocolate, and kept shaking all over as if I had ague. That second wait in the dark was the worst of all. I kept thinking I saw and heard things which I knew couldn't be there, and sometimes I caught myself talking to Old Mortality as if he were alive.

"After an age or two the gully began to fill up again. I had worked at intervals throughout the day and cleared out the bulk of the stuff which was supporting my torpedo, so that he lay now fore-and-aft along the bottom of the gully. He floated sooner than I expected, hours before the top of the tide, and I pushed him out gently till I was right across the shoal and up to my waist in water.

"Then I pulled my lanyard and off we went, heading for a searchlight which I knew must be somewhere behind the boom.

"I don't think I was quite in my right senses, as I remember paddling

my rammer-handle and talking to Mortality nearly the whole time. Distinctly do I remember promising him two lumps of sugar if he cleared the boom. You see I used to say that to my pony when I was a kid before tackling a sheep-hurdle.

"Anyway we finally found the boom by butting into an outlying portion of it, more by good-luck than good guidance. That woke me up a bit. I caught hold of a link of iron cable and listened. The Haven beyond the boom seemed full of noises, the meaning of some of which was clear to me. Not a hundred yards away was a great ship, the one I had seen come from the lock, getting ready for battle.

"A black shape—a picket-boat probably—passed by close to me, apparently going through the boom. There was an opening. Then the idea came to me.

"With idle propellers I pulled Mortality along by the boom chains till we reached the opening. The tide was swirling through, and sucked us in and almost under the stern of a torpedo-boat coming out. Once inside I took a good pull at my lanyard, and we forged up the harbor at the rate of knots. In another ten minutes I was under the side of the commercial quay, lying easily in the shadow, holding on to an iron-ladder down the quay side. Right ahead of me, not three hundred yards away, were the gigantic lock-gates, and there was a ship just entering the lock from the other side. I could hear the mateys' cries as they hauled at their wire hawsers. I had scarcely sufficient wits to slew Old Mortality round and take out the safety-pin from the pistol. Then I steadied him, laid the water-tripper flat, and pulled my lanyard hard back. The lever caught on the cocking-cam and away he went. Before I had got half-way up that ladder—it took me a long time to make good each rung—

there was a tremendous bang, followed by a roar like Niagara; then I had a vision of a great ship hurling herself headlong down a steep path of tossing waters, her stern high in the air. Her bows must have struck the bottom, and she doubled up and was gone.

"Through the shattered lock-gate the waters roared. There was a tightness at my throat and a drumming in my ears. I climbed feebly to the top of the ladder and collapsed upon the quay.

"Yes, they treated me pretty well, considering. I was in hospital a week, and then a prisoner of war till peace was signed six months later. Some of them wanted to shoot me for a spy, but my coat, which had about two brass buttons and a scrap of gold lace on it left, saved me from that."

He came to an end, and we sat in silence. This youngster had brought the war to a close. The battleship in the lock, when the torpedo struck the gate, was smashed to pieces and sunk. All the craft in the basin—three more battleships and as many cruisers—toppled this way and that as the water left them, crushing in their sides against the quays and against each other. The Haven Squadron, save for the *Ersatz* outside, was annihilated.

Nor was this all. The Baltic fleet, which was slowly making its way down the Canal, was to have joined hands with the squadrons from the Frisian rivers; then the united fleet was to fall on the Island blockaders off the Haven. The Baltic fleet reached the open sea before they heard of the disaster at the Haven. It was the Islanders who made the successful concentration. Mackinnon in 210, watching the river, heard the explosion; he pushed on almost to the harbor mouth, meeting little opposition amidst the general confusion and dismay, and with the gray of dawn he half saw and half guessed what had happened.

Swiftly he reported, and the watching fleet in the offing, steaming hastily to the north, came up in time to decide the issue of the battle, which had already been joined, its admiral reporting that he was leaving no important force of the enemy behind him in the Haven.

All this, history now, ran through Blackwood's Magazine.

my mind. I turned to my companion with a foolish question. "What did you think about chiefly," I asked, "during that long day on the sandbank?"

"Chiefly that it was a deuced long time between drinks!" he said smiling.

I took the hint, and we strolled off to the club for lunch.

210.

POETRY AND SYMBOLISM: A STUDY OF "THE TEMPEST."

I had once a long and interesting conversation with Browning on a subject of which he was always slow to speak, his own poetry. In the course of it I remarked that the great difficulty of people who were not poets themselves and had no touch of inspiration, but who were yet capable of enthusiastically appreciating poetry, was to know when and to what extent it was to be regarded as symbolic. "May I," I continued, "take an illustration, the readiest that occurs to me, from one of your own poems." "Certainly," he replied. "I will take *Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*." The scene of the poem, it will be remembered, is an organ-loft at night; the organist, with his candle "burnt to its uttermost inch" and on the point of flickering out, is passionately imploring the spirit of Hugues not to let him depart without revealing to him the meaning of a certain "mountainous fugue," his masterpiece. The composition, so far as the poor organist can discern, and it has long been, "taxing his fingers," is chaos incarnate, and yet he knows that, sure as there is gold under the church-roof's cobwebs and "Truth and Nature" over "life's zigzags and dodges," the fugue has divine meaning.

Sure you said, "Good, the mere notes,
Still couldst thou take my intent,

Know what procured me our company's
votes,
A master were lauded and sciolists
shent,
Parted the sheep from the goats."

Is it your moral of life?
Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent
strife,
Backward and forward each throw-
ing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?

Then, with mingled illustrations of the intricacies he cannot unravel and expressions of his continued belief and faith in his maddeningly perplexing master, he continues—

Friend, your fugue taxes the finger,
Learning it once who would lose it?
Yet all the while a misgiving will
linger,
Truth's golden o'er us, although we
refuse it,
Nature through cobwebs we string her.

Hugues! I advise *med'pand*
(Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon),
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five,
clear the arena!
Say the word straight I unstop the
full organ,
Blare out the mode *Palestrina*:
While in the roof, if I'm right there,
Lo you, the wick in the socket!

"Well, what do you make of that?" he said. "Can I doubt," I replied, "with the light of your *Pisgah Sights* to guide one, that it is, at any rate partly, an allegory: that the fugue is life, Hugues what Sir Thomas Browne calls the first great composer, the student of the fugue the man who believes in the harmony and wisdom implicit in the scheme of things, though, try how he may, he cannot discern them, but who, as his candle is flickering out, is beginning, like Coleridge in his latter days, to find things 'wonderfully clearing and harmonizing,' though, alas, his candle is out before the full truth is revealed to him. Now, making all allowance for what cannot of course be pressed into the service of symbolism and belongs entirely to the framework and picturesque and realistic parts of the poem, that goes on all fours with what you have directly expressed in *Pisgah Sights*." Browning burst out laughing, and said, "That is one of the most ingenious things I ever heard, but I can assure you that when I wrote that poem I had not the remotest intention of attaching any such meaning to it. The poem was little more than an actual description of what I saw with my own eyes. I happened one evening to stroll into a church"—(I think he said it was at Antwerp)—"and I made my way, I remember, to the organ-loft, where, though the service was over and the lights were being put out, the organ was still playing, and I looked down into the fast-emptying and fast-darkening church. I was struck with the picturesqueness of the scene and thought I would describe it in a poem. There began and ended the inspiration of the little trifle into which you have read so much." But I refused to be convinced. I did not venture to say that he had introduced into the poem what he had not seen on that occasion, as was obviously the fact, and that what he had thus introduced,

this and the ideas radiating from it were after all its real theme; but I did venture to suggest that the construction which had been put upon it at any rate lent it an additional interest. This he smilingly admitted: so, taking courage, I asked him if he thought the famous passage in Plato's *Apology* about the unconscious inspiration of poets should be taken seriously; whether it was really true that, given genuine inspiration, a poet was so unconscious of the full meaning of what he expressed that, as Plato puts it, any one you please could give a better explanation of what poets in their inspiration mean than the poets themselves could give. With some reservation, and making of course much allowance for the exaggerated way in which it was stated, this he said was undoubtedly and profoundly true. It was an easy transition from this to the question of how far allegory, consciously or unconsciously, inspires, sometimes colors and sometimes, though unperceived or ignored, even saturates poetry. On this he had many interesting things to say, particularly, I remember, about the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid*.

The severance of poetry from its higher and nobler energies and functions on the part of those who at present represent it, and the corresponding indifference of modern critics to all that constitutes its real seriousness and importance, have created an atmosphere chilling indeed to any attempt at what may be called an esoteric interpretation of it. Poetry, we are told, ceases to be poetry the moment it ceases to be art, art being in its turn the expression of the beautiful in beautiful forms and nothing more; with the spiritual and with the moral its association is purely accidental and always perilous. Allegory one of our leading critics has pronounced to be the dry rot of poetry where in poetry it is obvious, and the discovery or the at-

tempted discovery of it when latent the dry rot of criticism. Now, it may be at once conceded that the discovery of allegory and symbolism in poetry where it is not studiously introduced and superficially apparent, as in the *Odyssey*, the *Faerie Queene* and Tennyson's Idylls, is the most delicate and perilous of investigations; nay, even in these works it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to distinguish between what is to be taken literally and what symbolically. In the *Odyssey*, for example, we may be in no doubt about such incidents as Horace takes as implying allegory, but are we justified in going further? Are we to suppose that in the Moly given by Hermes to Ulysses as a prophylactic against the charms of Circe we are to understand that education and philosophy enable a philosopher to indulge in sensuality because he will never run into excess? that the fact that Ulysses' mariners are represented as being taller, stouter and handsomer after their transformation from swine into human beings again symbolizes that men by gaining experience profit even from vicious pleasures? that Scylla and Charybdis represent the extremes on each side of the Mean, and that in the history of the suitors persisting as they do, in spite of repeated warnings from man and from heaven, in their follies and sins, till hardened and infatuated they fall, ripe for destruction, on their terrible doom, we are to see what every day witnesses among mankind and what Bunyan has depicted in similar detail, psychologically at least, and with equal power, in the awful drama embodied in his *History of Mr. Badman*? Where are we to stop? The moment we give the reins to fancy it is as easy to make a poem, especially if it be a narrative poem or a drama, symbolize pretty much what we will as it is to mould out of the floating clouds or burning coals fantastic forms. There are lit-

erally no limits to such absurdities, and they have been the scorn of sober people in all ages. We know how the early allegorists in ancient Greece as well as some of the Alexandrian critics make themselves and the Homeric poems ridiculous by these glosses, how the *Divine Comedy* has by the elder Rossetti and other commentators of the same order been made the subject of similar follies. We remember Swift's imimitable pleasantry directed against those who discovered the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis in *Tom Thumb* and fountains of immense erudition in *Tommy Potts* and the *Wise Men of Gotham*. Nowhere is the humor of Lucian, of Rabelais, and of our own eighteenth century satirists so rich and droll as in their parodies and exposures of these insanities.

But the abuse of a particuliar method of interpretation is no argument against its proper application. The charm of all poetry, even aesthetically, depends far more on what it suggests than on what it directly expresses, on what it enfolds than on what it expands. This is the element in it which evades analysis and, like the principle of life, reveals itself only in its effects. To the ethic of poetry symbolism and allegory stand often in the same relation, apparent but undefinable, pervasive but unfixed; reduce them to precision and they at once assume undue proportions and usurp a place which does not belong to them. In his remarkable analysis of three of his Canzoni in the *Convito* Dante tells us that they and all serious poetry are to be interpreted in four senses: first, in a literal sense, that is in accordance with what the words simply and directly convey; secondly, in an allegorical sense, with reference that is to say to what they veil and mantle, truth in the garb of fiction; thirdly, in a moral sense, that is with reference to what is and what was de-

signed to be ethically instructive; and lastly in an anagogic sense, that is with reference to what is of metaphysical significance,—to what is concerned and linked with the divine and spiritual. We smile at such an analysis now, and shudder at what would be likely to be the results of its application generally to poetry, for of the results of its application to Dante's own poetry criticism has long had dismal experience, witness such portents as Gabrielle Rossetti's *Commento Analitico*. And yet, if not too rigidly applied and applied with tact, balance, and insight, enlightened and directed by close, exact and sympathetic study of the text of a great poem—for to great poetry only will it apply—who could doubt that many a fruitful secret would be revealed of which not even a whisper reaches the common ear?

The last thing that modern criticism seems to regard is the importance of discrimination in judging poets and poetry. In the first place it does not seem to recognize that the distinction between poetry of the first order and poetry of the secondary and third orders is not a difference in degree, but a difference in kind. And poetry of the first order is essentially didactic, an appeal through the senses to the spiritual and moral nature of man. It is so with the Homeric poems, it is so with Pindar, with Æschylus and with Sophocles, with Virgil and Dante, with Spenser and Shakespeare, with Milton, with Goethe and with Wordsworth. To say that it is in symbolism, or in the more elaborate expression of symbolism, allegory, that these poets or at least the majority of them embody their highest wisdom, their deepest truths, and habitually wrap what is most precious and furthering in their teaching and in their message, is to say what probably no one but second-rate modern critics would dispute. Some of the noblest works in poetry

are professedly allegories. How largely the ancients supposed allegory to enter into the *Odyssey* may be judged by the fact that it was described by a Greek critic as "a mirror of life," and it would not, perhaps, be too much to say that as an allegory it was almost as much to the ancient Greeks as the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been to Protestant England. The sublimest of the Greek dramas, the *Prometheus*, is an allegory. The central and chief book of the *Aeneid* is an elaborate allegory. The *Divine Comedy* is pure allegory. So is the *Faerie Queene*, so largely is *Paradise Lost*, so wholly is *Comus*. Allegory suffuses the two parts of Goethe's *Faust*. The most pathetic of Shelley's poems, *Alastor*, is an allegory, so also is his masterpiece, the *Prometheus Unbound*. What is best in Tennyson's Idylls and what redeems them from mediocrity is the allegorical significance with which they are invested. Subtract from *Gareth and Lynette*, from *Balin and Balan*, from the *Last Tournament*, from the *Coming and Passing of Arthur*, and, above all, from the *Holy Grail*, their allegorical significance and what do you leave them? Precisely what we find in the other Idylls, much falsetto, much commonplace, and nothing in their very real beauties entitling them to a higher rank than *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field*. True of course it is that in the case of the *Odyssey*, the *Prometheus*, the *Divine Comedy*, and of every one of the poems and dramas referred to the subtraction of allegory leaves them all that constitutes their charm and their power as pure poetry. As they appeal to the senses and the affections, as they appeal to the sensuous imagination and to fancy, as they appeal in fine to all that in our nature responds directly to aesthetic impression, their power on us is in no way affected. In fact everything that they present and suggest simply and immediately has, or may have, full force,

not aesthetically merely, but spiritually and morally. As a rule, however, we are most sensible of what appeals to us aesthetically, and satisfied with that exquisite pleasure regard with comparative indifference everything else. It is not surprising, therefore, that if lovers of poetry have, perhaps as a rule, so little interest in what is exoteric and obvious, they should have so little curiosity about what is more or less esoteric and veiled. And yet, let it be emphasized, truism though it be, that of all great poetry the note is *meliora latent*, better than the seen lies hid, and its hiding-place is in symbolism and allegory.

The relation of allegory to epic poetry cannot perhaps be explained better than Tasso explains it in one of his letters to Scipio Gonzaga. When he began his poem the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, he had, he said, not the smallest idea of an allegory, as it seemed a superfluity, "because every interpreter creates an allegory according to his own caprice, and because there have never been wanting to good poets critics who would furnish allegories in abundance." In Homer and Virgil he goes on to say it can be discerned only in particular places, and he quotes with great approval a passage in which Saint Augustin deals with the question: "*Non omnia quæ in figuris singuntur significare aliquid putanda sunt; multa enim propter illa quæ significant, ordinis et connexionis gratiâ, adjuncta sunt. Solo vomere terra proscinditur, sed ut hoc fieri possit catena quoque huic aratri membra junguntur*"—that is—we are not to suppose that everything in figurative fiction is significant, for many things are adjoined on account of those which are significant, from considerations of order and connection. It is the ploughshare only which breaks up the earth, but that this end may be attained all the other parts of the plough are joined to it.

Thus, while Tasso owns that the poem was not designed to be an allegory, he owns also that, as in the case of the Homeric poems and the *Aeneid*, allegory entered essentially into its composition, as indeed it obviously does. It is from not distinguishing the ploughshare from those parts of the plough which were framed simply for the purpose of enabling the plough-share to do its work that allegorical interpretation goes astray; and this is the source of half the absurdities which turn what might be the most fruitful and interesting of all methods of study into something little better than buffoonery. With the remarks of Tasso may be compared some remarks which Tennyson made with reference to the allegory in the Idylls. He complains that some of his critics had "taken his hobby and ridden it too hard, and had explained some things too allegorically, although there is an allegorical or perhaps rather a parabolic drift in the poem." "Camelot, for instance," he went on to say, "a city of shadowy palaces is everywhere symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions, and of the spiritual development of man. And yet for all that there was no single fact or incident in the poem which could not be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever." On being once asked by a curious bishop whether those who interpreted the three Queens who accompanied Arthur on his last voyage as Faith, Hope and Charity were right, he replied that they "were right and not right; they mean that and they do not," adding that he "hated to be tied down to say *this* means *that* because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation." And very happily on another occasion he observed: "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability and ac-

cording to his sympathy with the poet." To the same effect spoke Goethe: "They come and ask me what idea I meant to embody in my *Faust*, as if I knew myself, and could inform them; from heaven through the world to hell would indeed be something, but this is no idea, only a course of action. It was not," he continued, "my business as a poet to strive to embody anything abstract. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundredfold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them, and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them." Such is the only light which poets themselves throw, or perhaps can throw, on a question which must always have so much fascination for all who take poetry seriously.

But if the difficulty of unravelling allegory, where allegory is intended and professed, as in the case of the *Divine Comedy*, the *Faerie Queene* and the Idylls of which Tennyson spoke so great, the difficulty of interpreting symbolism in its less express forms is very much greater. For it is in symbolism that a poet's genius, under the impulse of inspiration, works most unconsciously; in symbolism that he expresses what has never even for himself assumed definition; through symbolism that he presents half-veiled and in half-lights what from various motives he would not display unveiled and in full light; to symbolism that he commits his secrets. It follows, then, that in the interpretation or rather attempted interpretation of symbolism in poetry, any insistence on precision and certainty, especially in relation to details, would be as

presumptuous as it would be absurd.

The most interesting of the many interesting forms which symbolism assumes among poets is where they employ it consciously and perhaps at the same time half-unconsciously, too, as a means, for their own relief, of self-portraiture and self-revelation, as Shelley undoubtedly does in *Alastor*, as Milton obviously does in *Samson Agonistes*, and as Shakespeare, I venture to think, does in *The Tempest*. And this brings me to my main object, namely, an attempt to show that both Shakespeare and Milton have each left us in easily deciphered symbol, as their last legacy, an inexpressibly pathetic picture of themselves in their latter days and when their work was done, and their final message or rather gospel to the world.

In dealing with the symbolism of *Samson Agonistes* we are surely treading on very firm ground, with such studied particularity has Milton pictured himself in Samson; with so little disguise has he expressed in the Choruses all that the spectacle of the world of the Restoration and the contemplation of the tragedy of his own later years had suggested and inspired. There he sate among the ruins of his earthly life and his earthly hopes—

Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.

Desolate also and companionless, and by a sad and strange irony, so at least he seems to have interpreted it, tortured by a disease which is usually the result of sensuality and intemperance. The great men on whom his hopes had rested, and who had been his coadjutors in doing what both he and they believed to be God's work, either judicially murdered or exiled, or, if dead, dragged out of their graves to be publicly gibbeted. There is no need to quote the Chorus in which all this is with such pathetic eloquence ex-

pressed, but the latter part may be given. After expressing their perplexity at the way Providence allows the noblest of his servants to perish in ignominy and shame, the Chorus continues:—

Not only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dis-
mission,
But throws't them lower than thou
didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omis-
sion;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else cap-
tiv'd;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under
change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful
multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st
them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless
suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days; in
fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

It is not necessary to pursue these analogies in detail through the drama, but there can be little doubt that in Dalila he drew the portrait of that wife who, in disillusioning him of his romantic ideals, had taught him his first bitter lesson in life, and whose disobedience, so insulting to his pride, he may have forgiven, but most certainly never forgot. How majestic, yet how piercing is the pathos where Samson replies to his father's words—they might have been and in substance no doubt would have been, could he have addressed his son, the words of Milton's own pious and kindly father, now a far-off memory,—

Manoa.

His might continues in thee not for
naught,

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frus-
trate thus.

Samson

All otherwise to me my thoughts por-
tend,
That these dark orbs no more shall
treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long.
But yield to double darkness, nigh at
hand:
So much I feel my genial spirit droop.
My hopes all flat, Nature within me
seems
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of
shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that
rest.

And when these words were written—they and the drama of which they are a part—Milton's work was done, and within less than three years, quite broken and worn out, he was "with them that rest." But was this the last word, this the end and sum of all?—perplexity, weariness, despondency. Assuredly not. The last word was what finds expression in:—

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict..

and in

All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns.

So intimately, then, does Milton under the thinnest of veils, converse with us, not merely as an artist, but as a man. And would any one say that if the symbolism of the drama were ignored and it were regarded merely as a work of art, it would not be deprived of at least half its charm and half its interest and pathos, because it would lose in the power of its sincerity and

it would appeal less to human sympathy.

Has *The Tempest* the same autobiographical interest? This is a much more difficult question, and in discussing it we must carefully bear in mind all that has been remarked generally about the difficulties in unravelling allegory and symbolism in poetry, the danger of too rigid definition, the confusion of the plough framework with the share, the necessary subordination of any allegorical purpose, especially in a drama, to the requirements of dramatic art, the "glancing colors" of which Tennyson speaks, and all the other perils involved in such investigations. But let me boldly propound my thesis, first that, as Milton in *Samson*, so Shakespeare in *Prospero* depicted himself in the last stage of his career when his work likewise was done and he had practically taken his leave of life; and, secondly, that in *The Tempest* generally, through an allegorical presentation of the world and of mankind, he summed up his final philosophy and delivered his final gospel.

The date of *The Tempest* cannot be fixed with certainty, but everything points to the probability, and probability in the highest degree, that it was the very last play Shakespeare wrote. It was beyond all doubt suggested by a narrative recorded in two tracts, one entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, written by Silvester Jourdan, and *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, published respectively in the summer and autumn of 1610, and still more vividly in a letter addressed in the same year by one William Strachey to a lady of title in England, reprinted some years later in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*. In April, 1612, a ship, the "Plough," sailed from the Thames with adventurers for the Bermudas, and in consequence probably of the public interest taken in this expedition

Jourdan's tract was in 1613 re-issued under the title of *A Plaine Description of the Bermudas, now called Summer Islands*. It is worth noticing that Strachey, who had been an eye-witness of what these narratives describe, was in 1612 living in Black Friars, and it has been conjectured that Shakespeare may have heard from him the particulars which he has used in the play. In any case, between the summer of 1610 and the early part of 1613 the Bermudas and the adventures of their explorers were prominently before the public, and most prominently in 1612 when the "Plough" sailed from the Thames. A comparison of the narratives with the incidents used by Shakespeare makes it all but certain that he got some touches from Strachey, whose letter, being as it was unprinted, he could not have seen unless Strachey or some one else had showed it to him; failing that the inference of course is that Strachey had himself communicated with him. It is, moreover, just as likely that he read Jourdan's narrative, not in its original form, but in the reprint of 1613. While therefore it is certain that *The Tempest* could not have been written before the summer of 1610, it is, so far as its relation to these narratives goes, in a high degree probable that it was written much later, possibly in 1612, possibly even in 1613. And this late date is corroborated by other evidence. We know from the Vertue MSS. that it was acted with other plays in the spring of 1613 at the festivities held on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and this is the first notice we have of its existence. If it was written for that occasion and then first appeared, the question would be settled; it would belong to a date at least a year and a half later than that recorded of any other of his plays, and beyond which nothing, with the possi-

ble exception of a recension and completion of *Henry VIII.*, is known to have come from his pen; it would have been written subsequently to his leaving London and when, beyond all doubt, he was living in retirement at Stratford-on-Avon. But the evidence for its being a new play when exhibited, as undoubtedly it was, at the marriage festivities in February, 1613, is unfortunately not conclusive. It has been pointed out that in the entry in the *Vertue Manuscripts* there is no intimation that it was a new play, and that it is merely one in a list of fourteen others, including three if not four of Shakespeare's other plays which were certainly not then acted for the first time. The question cannot be argued here, but, allowing full weight to what may be legitimately inferred from its inclusion among plays undoubtedly not new, it still remains that had it been new there would, in the documents referred to, have been no intimation of the fact. The stress laid in the play itself on what would have been appropriate to such an occasion as the marriage festivities in the spring of 1613, namely, the event on which the plot of the play turns, the marriage of a foreign prince with an island princess who has never left her home, and the introduction of the two hymeneal masques, the unmistakable reference in the first scene of the fifth act to the recent death of Prince Henry, with many other particulars and touches which must be obvious to every one and which have been urged with so much force by the late Dr. Richard Garnet in his well-known article in the "Universal Review" and elsewhere, surely outweigh any ambiguity in the testimony afforded by the *Vertue Manuscripts*. And this is certain, that while there is no evidence of the existence of the play before the spring of 1613, it was suggested by narratives and is full of allusions to events

most prominently before the public about that time, including perhaps what may have suggested its title, the tempests prevalent in the autumn and early winter of 1612, of which Stowe gives such a vivid description. Nor must we omit to put also into the scale Ben Jonson's sarcastic allusion to it in the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, which appeared in 1614—an allusion which would lose half its point and pertinence had the audience not been recently familiar with what is so ill-naturedly glanced at.

There is, therefore, very good reason for supposing that *The Tempest* was the last entire play that came from Shakespeare's pen, that in it he took, though he had still three years of life before him and was still, as time counts, in his prime, his farewell of the stage and of active life. It stands with *Cymbeline* and the *Winter's Tale* in the same relation to his work as a whole as the *Philoctetes* and *Oedipus Colonæus* stand to the work of Sophocles. Between 1603 and about the end of 1610 he had been dwelling, so to speak, in the Inferno of tragedy. In *Cymbeline* and in the *Winter's Tale* he had emerged *a riveder le stelle*. They are the resolution of the discord, divine anticipations of the vision, which in all its beauty and in all its completeness he unfolded in *The Tempest*. His philosophy in the tragedies is only not pessimistic because it is deduced in unprejudiced and comprehensive truthfulness from the facts of life, which, regarded as universally and as steadily as he had regarded them, afford no warrant for pessimism, though they do for occasional perplexity and profound sadness. But it is a long step from the mere absence of pessimism to the presence of optimism. Optimism can only come in with the faith, or with the dream, that the moral government of the world is a system tempering justice and righteousness with mercy and

benevolence. Of such optimism we have only glimpses, more or less uncertain and unsteady, in the ancient classical poets, and with them it expresses itself chiefly in the relation of suffering to wisdom and moral purification. But the note of the philosophy of *Cymbeline* and of *The Tempest* is pure optimism: and it is the optimism of Christianity. Is it fanciful to suppose that as *Cymbeline* and more especially *The Tempest* seem to indicate that Shakespeare, whatever his religious creed may have been, was, as an artist and poet, perhaps also as a philosopher, struck with the sublime beauty of the Christian conception of life and of the government of the world? For more than eleven years the note of his work had been the sternest, the most uncompromising realism; his themes life on its darkest and saddest sides; his theology that of classical paganism. How changed is all this in *Cymbeline*, how transformed is all this in *The Tempest*.

In dealing with the symbolism of this divine drama it may be well first to take our stand on what seems simple and obvious. In the picture of Prospero the three things which at once strike us are the distinction made between the magician and the man, the relation of Prospero to Ariel, and of Ariel to Prospero, and the mood and temper with which Prospero, freeing Ariel, abandons his art to bury himself in privacy, "where every third thought shall be his grave." In the wand, in the magic robe, and in his books alone consists his power, alone lies all that distinguishes him from other men. Thus, in talking to Miranda as father to child, he lays down his mantle, "lie there my art." With them he could make Ariel his minister, and bow to his will the spirit powers of nature—

By whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have
bedimm'd
The noon-day sun, call'd forth the mu-

tinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the
azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling
thunder
Have I given fire, and rifled Jove's
stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong bas'd
promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs
pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my com-
mand
Have wak'd their sleepers: oped and
let them forth
By my so potent art.

Ariel, in his unwillingness to work, in his pining for freedom, in his tricksy caprices and in his uselessness except when under the control of a firm and wise will, is only too symbolic of genius, that perilous possession so potent under such control, so futile without it. "I shall miss thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom," are Prospero's words when he exacts from Ariel his last service, and servant and master are about to part for ever. And now, as the mighty magician prepares in accordance with his promise the farewell, "vanity of his art," he prepares also to take us into his confidence.

Be cheerful, Sir,
Our revels now are ended: these our
actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabrick of this
vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe
itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant
faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such
stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am
vex'd;

Bear with my weakness; my old brain
is troubled;
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
 . . . a turn or two I'll take
To still my beating mind.

What remained when the wand, the mantle, the books and Ariel and the spirit-powers and all such solemn toys had been dismissed? the man alone and this vision,—infinite sadness, wisdom tempered with humility, submission, and,—perhaps,—hope.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint . . .

Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

So, in farewell, spoke Prospero, just after he had "broken his staff," and "deeper than ever plummet sounded" drowned his book, and just before he passed into the silent life "where every third thought" would "be his grave."

But does the symbolism of *The Tempest* go beyond this, is it yet more elaborate? Is the island the world, the *dramatis persona* mankind, the government and central purpose of Prospero symbolic of the Christian conception of life and of life's control by Heaven? Rigid definition would of course instantly reduce such a theory to absurdity. But if we remember that allegory, still less symbolism, is not like a closely-fitting vesture which takes the mould of the whole form, and through which the contour of every limb is discernible, but lies lightly like some loose-flowing gauzy robe on its wearer, we can at least state a plausible case. Before Prosp-

ero arrives on the island pure nature reigns; the inhabitants Sycorax and Caliban are mere beasts; intelligence and genius, or at least the potentialities of each as symbolized in Ariel, pegged up by brute force in a pine, have mere vegetable life. With Prospero comes order and the dawn of civilization. It is a place full of beauty and mystery, spirit powers float about, weird snatches of music are heard everywhere, it is "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Then it becomes peopled. What is this but the world? It would not be possible for a poet within the limits feasible for the number of *dramatis persona* to include an assembly more essentially and comprehensively typical of mankind. In Prospero, for Prospero must take his place here, too, we have the highest type of humanity, intellectually and morally, the incarnation of wisdom, benevolence and humility, tempered with infinite sadness; in Stephano the mere gross brute; in Trinculo the brute with a gleam of intelligence and a touch of humor. Between these how many grades and varieties typical of human temper, character and experiences; youth—ardent, noble and chivalrous in Ferdinand; the world-battered veteran—shrewd, humorous and kindly in old Gonzalo; ambition's hard, cold, unscrupulous devotee in Antonio; and in Sebastian the weaker and more plastic worldling who takes the ply, the evil ply, from firmer natures; what are Adrian and Francisco and the rabble under battened hatches but the common herd who make and leave no mark either for good or for evil, passing

Qual fummo in aere, o in acqua la schiuma.

And of how many in life's poor game is Alonso the symbol, so weary of it all, so listless, so hopeless, his past a wretched record of error and crime,

his present a grievous burden of remorse and sorrow. Only one woman in the throng, but that woman the embodiment of the very essence of womanhood. In the first words she utters we have the expression of passionately intense sympathy with distress and suffering, and a plea for pity.

O, I have suffer'd
With those I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! . . .
Had I been any god of power I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or
e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

When her father unfolds his story to her her comment is:—

O my heart bleeds
To think of the teen that I have turn'd
you to.

Again, as the narrative proceeds and what concerned herself might have been expected to appeal to her, the note is the same, the same utter selflessness,—

Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

As soon as her curiosity is roused it becomes importunate, and her father has to say apparently with some impatience: "Here cease more questions." The moment she sees Ferdinand the woman's natural instinct, in all innocence and purity, is instantly awakened, fancy and imagination as instantly kindling with it. He is "a spirit," a "divine thing, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble." "Have pity, I'll be his surety!" she cries, when her father affects to wave him aside,

calling him a spy and a traitor. And then as soon as love has been awakened in her and fully returned

Hence basiful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

And with love come perfect trust, implicit submission—"I would not play you false," says Ferdinand; "no, not for the world." "Yes," she instantly replies, "for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, and I would call it fair play." When she sees the very mixed company on that island thronging in—Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, Antonio and their attendants—amazed and spellbound as they are before Prospero's absolution frees them, she exclaims:—

O! Wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't

Women may owe their foibles to nature, but they owe their vices and darker traits to men, and when did woman, not as experience, but as God has made her, ever see aught but "goodly creatures" or aught but beauty in this world and its masters?

But in the inhabitants of this island Shakespeare has not given us types of humanity only, he has given us something more, he has given us man in the making, man before the elements composing him were harmonized, and all in him was yet chaos. This surely is the meaning of Caliban, this his relation to the other *dramatis persona*. Foul, malignant and brutal though he

be, he has yet the religious instinct, for he wishes Stephano to be his god; and the instinct of service, for he has sincere desire to serve him; the aesthetic sense, and that in a very high degree, for to music he not only listens in rapt delight, but it awakens in him the imagination and fancy of a poet.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about my ears: and sometimes voices
That, if I had then waked after long sleep
Will make me sleep again: and then in dreaming
The clouds, methought, would open and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

He appreciates instruction and is grateful to those who will teach him. "When thou cam'st first," he says to Prospero:—

Thou strok'st me and mad'st much of me, would'st give me Water with berries in't: and teach me how To name the bigger light and how the less That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee.

It will thus be seen that in Caliban exist, crudely and in embryo, elements which, when duly tempered and harmonized, not only make man, but contribute very essentially to what constitute the eminence and glory of man.

Such is the island, and such are its inhabitants. Turn we now to the plot; it and its incidents are exact counterparts in symbol of life and of its scheme and government as they present themselves to the optimist and Christian. There could indeed be no better commentary on the impression made by the action when its evolution

is complete than the noble lines in Pope's *Essay on Man*:—

All Nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance direction which thou can't not see;
All discord harmony, not understood,
All partial evil universal good,
And spite of pride in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is is right.

Disentangling what obviously pertains to the allegory from what has as obviously only dramatic significance, what do we find? A Power omnipotent in the world it controls has been most grievously wronged and outraged, its wrongers and enemies being its own subjects, and those in whose loyalty it had a right to confide. Years pass; sin and crime prosper, and retribution sleeps. At last that Power asserts itself. Sin must be expiated, crime must be punished, but how? In a meshwork of irony and in perplexing mazes of apparent contradictions, inconsistencies and confusion is to come the answer, the substitution of repentance for punishment, perfect and final forgiveness for wrong done, sealed and ratified by the marriage of the child of the wronged one with the child of the wronger. But that its double purpose might be attained, how perplexing to those whom it most concerns is this gracious and benevolent scheme, a scheme for the furtherance of which every incident is designed, worked out. Well might Gonzalo exclaim—

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here. Some Heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

—their ship wrecked, their all lost, storm and terror and menace on every side of them, their king's son and heir apparently drowned, and he himself in blank despair, while amid these mis-

eries treachery and meditated murder are again at work; and then come, in the train of the last sin, astonishment and madness. But one there is who "smiling knows that all is well," even he who, attributing their crimes, past and present, to "ignorance," will accept their repentance, and as he holds them spell-bound and impotent before him will pronounce their doom—

Though with their high wrongs I am
struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my
fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they be-
ing penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth ex-
tend
Not a frown further.

The whole play is saturated with irony, an irony reversing the terrible irony of the tragedies; its very title is ironical—that tempest which was no tempest, that wreck which was no wreck, that salvation in loss, that harmony in discord, that gracious purpose masking itself in menace and terror. In these respects, and still more perhaps in the relation of the persons of the drama to the Power controlling them, may be read analogies to life, as life presents itself to the eyes of an optimistic faith to which

All is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that
hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

Though Prospero reveals the all-reconciling, all-harmonizing secret to none but his minister Ariel before the time comes to reveal it fully, he yet grants some glimpses of it to those who are worthy, that faith may give them comfort. So he says to Gonzalo, who is doubting his identity with the island's ruler,—

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not
let you
Believe things certain.

and so again when Alonzo says—

This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod,
And there is in this business more than
Nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge,

he replies—

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating
on
The strangeness of this business: at
pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll re-
solve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of
every
These happen'd accidents, *till when, be
cheerful*
And think of each thing well.

If we compare this with what Stephano says, "Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself: for all is but fortune," we shall measure the difference between life as it is read by the "initiated" and as it is read by the ignorant. It is said that just before Couington passed away he was heard to murmur the words, "Now the vision is complete—this is the way they see in Heaven." When we compare the way in which life is read and interpreted in those two divine last dramas, *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, with its presentment and interpretation in the long and sombre series of dramas which preceded them, the words have, we feel, a strange propriety in their application to Shakespeare. Assuredly it was in the light of such a vision that *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* were composed, and the most comprehensive survey of life ever given by man to man found its culmination.

Let me repeat that all allegorical interpretation will not only defeat its own ends, but be in danger of becoming simply ridiculous the moment it assumes the form of rigid or even of too precise definition; for it is with the symbolism of such a work as *The Tempest* what it is with the symbolism of which Goethe has said—

Gefühl ist alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch
Umnebelnd himmelsgluth.

That there is an inexpressible fascination about *The Tempest*, a fascination quite independent of its dramatic and aesthetic interest, no one, I think, can deny. A mellow light as of a setting sun broods over it: it has strange spiritual charm. Such a note as we have in—

All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and
thou
Hast strangely stood the test

will partly, perhaps, indicate what is meant.

The Contemporary Review.

For this spiritual charm I have tried to account, believing that it comes in a large measure from a suffusion of purely Christian sentiment. There is nothing to indicate that Shakespeare accepted Christianity on its dogmatic and metaphysical sides as a creed, but as a philosopher it must have appealed to him, indeed it did appeal to him in its ethics, and as a poet and artist he could scarcely fail to realize the beauty and sublimity of the solution it afforded of the problems of life. Had his last legacy to the world been the gospel deducible from the tragedies, that gospel would indeed have been a cheerless one. But on the Shakespeare of *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline* fell at last the light that had fallen on the Milton of *Samson Agonistes*, and the two mightiest geniuses who have glorified our poetry left the world with the same optimistic message on their lips, with this difference only, that pious submission, touched, perhaps, with hope, was the note of the one, and faith, absolute and uncompromising, the note of the other.

J. Churton Collins.

WANTED: PROTECTION.

[In an address given at *The Tribune* Book Exhibition, allusion was made to the hardship of living authors who have to compete with the dead.]

Why so bare the board beside me?
Why my hearth so cold and dead?
Wherefore should my bosom flutter
When I've butter
With my bread?
Why is sacred fame denied me,
Why am I forbidden to
Join the poets, peers and sages
In the pages
Of Who's Who?

See the slim green tomes before you
Filled with many a master line,
Epics, tragedies—*Othello*
And *Sordello*—
All are mine.

Nulla non donandus lauru—

Well to me the words apply,
For I am in truth a poet—
Who should know it
If not I?

I alone can fairly prize them,
I alone can judge their art;
Every glowing phrase I minted,
Each is printed

On my heart.

No one else can criticize them—
It would simply be absurd—
For there's no one, fool or clever,
Who has ever

Read a word.

Why am I so sore neglected?

'Tis that I am undersold,
Faced with undeserved disaster

By the master

Minds of old.

Milton is no more affected

By the thought of author's fees;
Shakespeare cannot eat, and therefore
Doesn't care for
Royalties.

Thought of tailor never vexes
Poets who have joined the Blest; .

Butcher, baker, tax-collector—

No such spectre

Haunts their rest.

I have endless little exes

On this hither side of Styx;;
Penny buyers they may sing to,

I must cling to

Four-and-six.

Punch.

WOMEN AND WORK.

Middle-aged people quite well remember a time when popular opinion began to be strongly in favor of women, and young women especially, going into business and earning independent livings. It was about the time when the momentous questions had been settled, Should women ride

bicycles and go outside omnibuses? Then we began to hear of lady doctors, and to see women behind the post-office counters, and the bonnet and cloak of the professional nurse were watched admiringly in the streets. It was pointed out with satisfaction that all this represented so much burden re-

moved from the shoulders of the middle-class man who had a small income and a large family; and the change of custom was believed to be a benefit all round. But this is not the view that prevails at present as to the employment of women. Many people hold it, not only for a social inconvenience but a social evil, and are hinting that the process ought to be obstructed or even stopped. Mr. Burns has said so plainly; and the Licensing Bill of the Government is expected to contain restrictions on the employment of barmaids, or, some people suspect, to forbid it directly or indirectly. Jealousy and irritation are rising amongst men clerks in all branches of business because women are competing with them and, by accepting lower wages, are thrusting them from their stools. And to heighten and emphasize the complaints, while letters in the newspapers are enlarging on the unhappy position of men clerks there comes a project for the wholesale substitution by women of all the male booking clerks—we cannot call them men—at the tube railway stations. This displacing of men by women is a double evil, it is said: men cannot marry; and the women become mere industrials to their own hurt, and to the deterioration of domestic and national life. There have always been special evils connected with the employment of women, and special enactments for protecting women which are not needed for men; but the evil that has now disclosed itself is not the effect of their employment on themselves but on men. The question now is. Should men be protected from women? and the Suffragists sniff the coming battle and are making the defence of the interests of women a chief argument for their getting the franchise.

In this battle of the sexes one's sympathies can be on both sides; for there are no decisive tests of the right of

either. Only the force majeure of events as they march can decide. Looking at the evil wrought on both parties by the change of custom which has brought women into stern and painful contact with the outside world, we could wish, with certain exceptions, that women were safe back again at home with their fathers or their husbands and children. The exceptions are for the women who are fit by nature and education to enter the superior occupations of life where woman's higher faculties would have the fullest play. This can be for nothing but the good of the world. In the inferior occupations the employment of women is only a concession to the absolute necessity of their making a livelihood. They do themselves and men harm in proportion as they crowd beyond this necessity into the occupations that have been men's. Their numbers, their partial support in their families, which makes up for the lower wages they accept, fosters an abnormal cheapness of labor; they compete with one another recklessly, without any regard to their class interests. This encourages the trashy production of cheap, vulgarly useless articles that are no good to any human being; and it means sweating and the accumulated horrors that are so rife in women's work. Even prosperous and well-to-do women who need not work away from home compete with working women in order to make extra pocket-money, about which they are as eager as if their lives depended on it. Two girls in comfortable and, as they certainly thought, select social circumstances the other day sent out invitations to a "sale of work"—the sort of things one finds at bazaars. It was taken for granted they had some charitable object: but these two smart girls were simply running a show for themselves. The sale was of their own work for their own benefit. This is simply an illustration of the thought-

lessness or indifference with which women enter the labor market. There is nothing, or very little, like this amateur competition amongst men with one another; but they have to encounter women competing with them in this spirit.

The competition of women with men is mainly in the inferior occupations where very little brains or strength is required, as in ordinary clerks' work. Everything tends nowadays to increase the kinds of work which women and children can do quite well. Do we really wish, indeed, to have men at work on many of these things? Men in unmanly occupations are not a pleasant sight. Let the clerk go to the carpenter's bench, let him make himself a skilled artisan, and the man riband-measurer get out of doors to some occupation where the ordinary woman cannot compete with the ordinary man. Where women can compete with men, where it pays employers on the whole to employ women, it is impossible to keep employment open for men alone. No law could be made to secure this directly, and restrictions for the health of women, such as the Factory Acts contain, or as legislation for barmaids may provide, could not be allowed to do it indirectly. In such occupations as these even the minimum wage for women fixed by an arbitration board would not be equal to the customary living wage of men; so that this would not be protection for men; and the employer would still prefer women. Only in a few instances under the New Zealand and Australian Acts are women paid at the same rates as men for doing the same work. It would be found to be impossible to exclude women in favor of men by enacting or deciding that every woman for her work should be paid a man's minimum wage. We come to the conclusion therefore that in the occupations where men are not protected naturally from

the competition of women by their combined advantages of brain and strength there will continue to be an ever-increasing sphere wherein women's and not men's labor will be employed. This is exceedingly unfortunate, not for the harm done to men but for the harm done to women, and through them to family life. What, it seems, has to be considered is how to render as harmless as possible this inevitable intrusion of women into the commercial industries. Legislation has done much for their health and for their hours of work; but it is one of the peculiarities of their employment, as distinguished from that of men, that to a great extent they work in detached groups at home or in small workshops where it is difficult to apply restrictions and inspection. And yet if women are not protected by the law there seems little likelihood of their being able to protect themselves. It is a mark of their inferior occupations, as it is of the inferior occupations of men, that they are not able to make trade unionism effective. Women's occupations are peculiarly liable to be swamped by casual labor because they do not require any special skill; and, as we have said, because there are always large numbers of women who will work for less than a living wage as they have fathers or husbands or some relation on whom they are primarily dependent. Where they are not fortunate in having these resources there is always the Poor Law, and the ratepayers make up for the wages that employers ought to have paid. If we take the case of women clerks and shop-girls, and women generally of the social status implied in these occupations, how are they to protect themselves when so many women compete who formerly would have gone into domestic service—once the most flourishing of women's industries, now one of the least popular? With such special

causes at work it seems that women's occupations must be more or less sweated, unless women become even more in the future than they have been in the past "the favorites of the law" and be protected by further legislation.

The law has always assumed that women cannot look after themselves, and in industry it is quite true, as is proved by the question of sweating, which is much more prevalent in women's work than in men's. There will have to be an extension of the Factory Acts; and machinery for fixing rates of wages in women's occupations is the only means by which a standard wage may rule for them as it does in men's occupations, where there are effective trade unions. This, as we have shown, would not be to fix women's wages at those of men for the purpose of driv-

ing out women, but to introduce more order and justice in the occupations in which, under modern industrial conditions, women are mostly employed. In these it is beyond question that they are paid below their economic value; and they are bought too cheaply because they are too ready to sell themselves. There are cases where women's work is as valuable as men's, but they are paid less for no other reason than the custom. One such case is where women get less for teaching girls than men get for teaching boys, without any real reason for the difference. But generally women are underpaid because of their poverty and excessive numbers. Their economic independence is illusory, and they are now more in need of legal protection than they have ever been.

The Saturday Review.

THE RECURRENCE OF DISEASE.

That all diseases will be slain by science, and all slain speedily, was one of the accepted anticipations of the earlier nineteenth century. In the great outburst of a triumphant optimism which inspired the early Victorian literature, the present, whose discontents were clearly diagnosed, was sharply contrasted with a future, where such discontents would be no more. Here on the solid ground a new race should arise, whose life, if limited, should be at least secure. Sorrow and sighing, those "two black birds of night"—at least as excited by loss and physical suffering—would "flee away." How far are those high hopes entertained to-day by an age introspective, wearied, a little disappointed at the slowness of human betterment? On the one side, it may be confessed, there are evidences of a continued and almost exultant progress. We have eliminated from Europe the menace of those sweeping cyclones of pesti-

lence, whose terrors brood like a gray cloud over all the brightness of the Middle Ages. One third of Christendom perished in the few months' agony of the Black Death. The sound of its lamentation, the madness caused by its apparently irresistible destruction, still remains revealed in those "Dances of Death" which absorbed the later medieval time, and in the literature of protest and despair of a similar age. The Plague still terribly ravages the East, but science has succeeded, and apparently will succeed, in protecting Europe against it. Other malignant fevers we seem on a fair road to stamp out altogether. Small-pox has almost disappeared, under the combined effects of sanitation and vaccination. Diphtheria has lost its terrors since the arrival of the anti-toxin treatment. Hydrophobia has become merely a dread memory of the past. Even Tuberculosis, the special and terrible scourge of the northern races, seems

likely to become in the future but as an evil memory of old years. Science again, through the devotion and intelligence of a long roll of famous men, has boldly sallied out from the limited abode of men, into the wild and shaggy regions of Nature, in the determination to strike its enemy boldly at his very heart. It is not content with mere preventives and prophylactics, dosing men with drugs or covering them with veils and protections. It is setting itself to extirpate the very instruments of the propagation of the disease. Its enemy is the insect. That extraordinary populous and intelligent kingdom might have once attained the supremacy of the world; but for some inexplicable limitation in size which has prevented any of its denizens from challenging the forces of mankind. Michelet has described the kind of horror with which the head of an ant inspired him as first seen under the microscope; with its vast complicated eyes, its evidence of incalculable brain power, but with the utter absence of any of those elements akin to humanity which are revealed even in the vertebrate animals. Yet those ants can exhibit inexplicable powers of communication, and a social organization which has been the envy of many a philosopher, as he contrasts with it the chaos of human life. Ants charged with Mr. Wells's "Boom food," ant communities of many thousands, all six feet high, might provide a considerable obstacle to the accepted supremacy of mankind. But the insect, however tiny, is becoming more and more to be recognized as one of the ultimate enemies of humanity. There is here no possibility of compromise. We can be sentimental over the cat, the dog, and the horse. If we are sentimental over the insect we are lost. "Why should I harm thee, little fly?" is Uncle Toby's famous inquiry. "Is there not room enough in the world for me and thee?"

Science is unhesitatingly pronouncing a grim negative to the question. There is not sufficient room in the world for "me and thee." This is probably true of the common house fly, who more and more is coming to be regarded as a propagator of disease. It is already accepted of his cousin, the mosquito, against whom the whole of the world is turning with a set purpose of extermination. The alleged unhealthiness of marshes and tropical regions, formerly ascribed to heat and noxious vapors, is now declared to be entirely explicable by the spread of a definite bacterium through the bites of insects. Where the insects are destroyed the white men flourish. Panama, in the early days of the Canal building, was converted into a small hell, in which a population rioted and rotted and died, as they rioted and rotted and died in the days of the plague. The Americans to-day have descended there with all scientific resources. They burn the insect, they choke its offspring with oil, they drain the stagnant pools where it can breed, they consume it in clouds of evil-smelling smoke; they are rapidly making Panama a healthier place than New York and Chicago. All down the coast of South America yellow fever has decimated mankind for centuries. To-day it is well on its way to becoming a thing of the past. Six years ago an international campaign was inaugurated against the *Stegomyia fasciata*, the "white-ribbed mosquito," which spreads the disease. At Rio Janerio Dr. Cruz, "Cruz the mosquito killer," has practically removed its menace. Repairing choked-up gutters, draining stagnant marshes, fumigating and isolating, scattering oil on the still waters, he is speedily and relentlessly, extinguishing this enemy of mankind. Yellow fever and malarias will become shortly things of the past, as the warfare, at present of necessity limited to the

neighborhood of the cities, is extended through all the waste places of the world.

And if the discussion passes from the prevention to the cure, here also the sanguine dream of our fathers might seem in process of realization. We can treat the tortured human body as Brutus wished to treat the condemned Cæsar, "Carve it as a dish fit for the gods," and still preserve life and ensure recovery. First in antiseptic, then in aseptic surgery, we have discovered a method of safe operation, under which death would have been inevitable a few years ago. Gambetta perished in early manhood, because the doctors were afraid of an operation in which to-day over ninety per cent. of the patients recover. Opiates and anaesthetics, combined with the agile use of the knife, have eliminated on the one hand an almost inconceivable burden of pain, on the other have rendered possible a tearing and lacerating of the frail physical human body which would seem almost magical to our predecessors. Nor can any one imagine that we are anywhere but in infancy in this particular progress. If, as many eminent physiologists assert, the nerves of pain are distinct from the nerves of sensation or volition, there would seem no impossibility in the discovery of some subtle drug which will completely blockade these particular channels of communication, and render mankind henceforth completely immune from the pangs of physical agony.

But then the thought turns to the other side of the picture; and is immediately confronted with a challenge to its optimism. As soon as one disease is eliminated, another steps into its place to continue the old tragic function of scourging mankind with pitié and terror. Science is always discovering new maladies, which baffle its exultant energies. Medical, as dis-

tinct from surgical effort, is still largely in the condition of alchemy: stretching blind hands in the darkness towards a secret not yet revealed. A great man of science once recently asserted that there were only two medicines whose beneficial effect—in application to specific disorders—could be guaranteed—quinine and mercury; and that the operations of both of them were completely mysterious. We drain our cities, we use our knives and our medicines, we maintain armies of doctors, huge hospitals, and halls of research. And the result is that in the factory centres one-fifth of the children born perish within the year. Consumption, plague, malaria disappear. Their places are readily assumed by cancer, which is steadily increasing; by appendicitis, which had not even a name twenty years ago; by meningitis, which is excited by the ordinary harmless cold in the head. One woman in every twelve dies of cancer, and the cure—exultantly proclaimed year by year—still remains unknown. The human body in increase of prevention, seems also to lose the power of resistance. Carefully shielded from the rough forces of the world, it falls a prey to injuries born out of the very conditions of safety which it has so laboriously constructed. "He who has ordained all things in measure, number, and weight," said Mansel, "has also given to the reason of man, as to his life, its boundaries, which it cannot pass." Some unknown Power seems with these "boundaries" still to defy man's determination to push them back or fling them down. In ten thousand years mankind has not added a cubit to his stature. The Greek vision of bodily perfection has shown no advance in succeeding time. In the Middle Age, with its outward squalor and frequent pestilences—so operative in men's minds that to some observer the whole appears as a kind of phys-

ical delirium—there are figures of Popes and Emperors taking the field at eighty years of age, and an ineffacable impression of an enormous physical vitality. It would appear that, at least as far as one can look ahead, uncertainty, sorrow, pain, and longing are still to be accepted as the normal companions of the life of men. From these, indeed, have been born men's highest achievements. Metchnikoff—

The Nation.

that great sane optimist—still proclaims unfaltering faith in the triumph of human intelligence, and sees a vision of humanity sustained on a diet of soured milk, to well beyond a normally secure centenarianism. The cry of such might still be the cry of Tithonus—"Release me, and restore me to the ground"; a desire for the return to the fate of "happy men that have the power to die."

INS AND OUTS.

It is strange what a fascination a shibboleth has for human nature. The wish to gain distinction by peculiarity in things of little importance would seem in many persons to be innate. Little tests and criteria are set up every few years by those who pique themselves upon their power of social differentiation. Just now a proficient in this remote and microscopic branch of social science has written a book showing the larger world how to enter the charmed circle of fashion, and giving all her fellow-examiners away ("The Social Fetich," by Lady Grove; Smith, Elder, and Co., 5s. net). It is quite short; half-an-hour will enable the practised reader to possess himself of its original matter, and it is worth half-an-hour's attention, for it throws a new light upon human folly, and we can assure any person of either sex that he or she will not lay it down without laughing. Indeed, Lady Grove has given us so much that is new and of her own to amuse us that it is a pity she should have still further endeavored to illumine her pages by a selection of very good stories which have become common property.

In imitation of the most approved scholastic methods, our instructress presents us with her credentials that we may know we are listening to one who has a right to teach. She finds

it necessary to do this because of a critic who, she tells us, quoted a Duchess to uphold his own fancy in some matter of pronunciation or manners. He was under the false impression "that any person who happens to have married a Duke is more likely to know 'what's what' in these matters than I am." Such ignorant criticism she finally brushes aside in the following paragraph: "Most of my prejudices are an inheritance from the old Whig school, who joined to their natural, aristocratic instincts (possessed by them in common with the Tories) the critical faculty developed by intelligence and culture." Burke is at hand to verify this claim, and we cannot but imagine that the most sceptical will by such an authority be reduced to silence.

Some few postulates must be laid down before we can profitably begin the study of any subject. All through Lady Grove's book it is of necessity taken for granted that what is called society is divided into two halves, the "ins" and the "outs." The "outs" desire ardently to be taken for "ins," and Lady Grove's object is to enable the invaders to deceive the social aborigines. One difficulty presents itself to the mind of all who set out to teach grown-up persons, and that is how much previous acquaintance with the

subject should be presupposed. Without doubt it is an unpardonable error to suppose too much, and if the teacher has but slender means of gauging the accomplishment of the scholars, it is better to begin too near the beginning than too near the end. Lady Grove errs upon the right side, and it is evident that she has not been unconscious of the pitfalls of the situation. In her opening pages she tells her scholars that it is unnecessary to warn them against saying "shime" for "shame." Yet further on she does warn them with some asperity. Also, they are exhorted without apology to refrain from exclaiming "Reely!" and from pronouncing "jewel" and "towel" as one syllable.

Only a very small space, however, is devoted to the laying of foundations. Such may be laid in nurseries and schoolrooms, and our authoress soon finds herself upon higher ground, and proceeds to exercise the memory and provoke the wonder of every willing pupil. Certain unfashionable pronunciations are, we are assured, "irretrievably damning." Those who insist upon sticking to them will remain "outs" for ever, and it is possible to destroy oneself even in writing. "A book becomes barely readable," we learn, "if the article 'a' instead of 'an' is placed before the word 'hotel.'" "Hotel" is, of course, a French word by origin, and so are "mayonnaise," "cayenne," and "envelope," which Lady Grove places in the same category; but the shibboleth would be altogether spoiled if we were allowed to argue from this that all French words must be given a French pronunciation. It is as bad not to pronounce the last letter of "valet" as it is to Anglicize the first syllable of the place which has given its name to red pepper. Some unexpected words are selected as instances of mispronunciation; for instance, the name "Judas," which, ac-

cording to Lady Grove, is frequently and erroneously accented upon the last syllable. Judas is a name most frequently heard in church, where all the curates and parsons, and even Bishops, to whom it has ever been our lot to listen adhere scrupulously to Lady Grove's advice. "The sedulous pronunciation of mid-verbal 'h's'" should, we are told, be avoided. Is there really an inner circle where they say "be'ind" and "be'av'e," or are such words as "vehement" and "vehicle" alone intended?

But to leave the matter of pronunciation and turn our attention to permissible and non-permissible phrases and customs. The making of afternoon tea is a matter of crucial importance. Never to pour out a cup of tea for a guest without nearly filling the cup is, we are told, "an unwritten law." "Your guest may happen to like a good deal of milk or cream in his tea, but of what importance are the fancies or the comforts of your guests compared to the exigencies of caste? But a half-filled cup is fastidiously correct compared to the terrible habit of putting milk into a tea-cup before pouring in the tea." On the other hand, where coffee is concerned the latter rule is reversed. In neither case must any guest be asked if he takes sugar, but only if he will have it. No man, unless he wishes immediately to be known for an "out," must ever speak of an "overcoat," and no woman of a "bodice," and neither sex must ever talk of a "week-end party." The first of these three prohibitions must be looked on as purely arbitrary. It is possible that to the fashionable world "bodice" may carry a suggestion of pedantry which "body" is without, and "week-end" to the hypersensitive ear a suggestion of work,—a far-fetched allusion, as it were, to a Saturday half-holiday. It is possible, of course, to object to "week-end" on the

ground that it is slang; but the "ins," we fancy, are not very particular about the King's English. Indeed, we are expressly told in this book that there are those among them who "permit themselves a refined kind of slang" which is "shocking to the 'genteel.'"

But why try to find reasons for a shibboleth? Lady Grove might ask,—and indeed it is absurd. But unreasonable rules try the memory. "A woman brought up in a certain *milieu* knows the 'right thing' to do quite instinctively," she tells us; and, of course, it is natural that it should not occur to her that so many regulations about the "right thing" may be confusing to those who endeavor to learn them by heart. In one or two instances it would have been easier for the scholar to grasp a point if the teacher had laid down a law and avoided all attempt at illustration. For instance, the word "like" must never be used out of its strict grammatical sense. The simplest "out" can understand that. But when the following illustration is given as a warning what *not* to say, the scholar loses his bearings: "*Like* everything else she does." This Lady Grove describes as "a vile phrase." Are we really prohibited from using "like" to qualify anything? The syntax of the "ins" is past finding out.

A few hints about hospitality and a few tales of travel make up the less interesting portion of the book. In these days, when we are being asked on all hands to take example by foreign parts in all matters, from political economy to municipal government and the care of the public health, it is refreshing to hear of a few particulars in which England may be considered ahead of her contemporaries. Lady Grove assures us that she has seen in

a French railway carriage a notice which "invites" the occupants, in their "own interests," "not to spit on the cushions." We hasten to add that this story is told solely with a view to diversion, and, indeed, when she speaks of her travels Lady Grove lays aside her professional gown altogether. As to the hints on hospitality, it is not easy to know what to make of them. They seem to be intended for the world at large, and not specially directed to the education of "outs." Nothing, we read, "is so unpardonable as to find out the weak spots in your guests' temperaments, characters, or conversational abilities, and remorselessly to expose them." Such things, she says, are "often done." Keeping our authoress's credentials in mind, we dare not contradict her, though we find her statement very difficult to believe. About one thing, however, we can speak with assurance. Whatever may happen among the "ins," in the wider circle of the "outs" such a form of hospitality, falsely so called, is hardly more common than murder. If she really desires to attract such readers as read for their social improvement, she would have done well to leave out this last hint, for even to the most ardent social aspirant it may make the study of her shibboleth seem scarcely worth while.

A final thought occurs to us. What are we to say if Lady Grove answers us as Disraeli answered the critics of "Endymion": "I write in irony and they call it bombast"? The ironic defence of her book is, we admit, quite possible. If it is employed, all we can do is to borrow it from Lady Grove for our own use. If she may be ironical, why not her reviewer?

THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."*

In the power of winning the affection of his readers the author of "Rab and his Friends" was on a level with Scott and Lamb. His letters, from 1830 to 1882, enable people who did not know Dr. Brown to understand the charm of his affectionate, humorous, appreciative, and candid nature. Like Sir Walter, "he spoke to a'body as if they were his blood relations," and most of his letters are addressed to members of his kinship. He wrote as he spoke, with no effort except the effort to give of his best in news or in comment. He was born in the secession manse of Biggar in 1810, and it would be a great error to think that such a birthplace "tells of a lot far removed from intellectual culture." In the beginning (1733-1760), we may parody, concerning the Secession Kirk, the lines of the poet about Clan Macnab—

Of all the Scottish sects
The Secession was most ferocious.

The early Seceders renewed the Covenant, and freely excommunicated each other. But Dr. Brown's ancestors were all men of wide reading, from the days of his great-grandfather, a shepherd lad, who made a midnight march of twenty-four miles to St. Andrew's to buy a Greek Testament. He was more fortunate than we have been if he found in that University town a Greek Testament in a bookseller's shop! "A certificate of Church membership was withheld from him by the court of the congregation" (Seceding?) "on the allegation or suspicion that he had acquired his learn-

ing through a compact with the devil." Luckily he was not burned. The doctor's father was the third minister in succession; the doctor himself was apprenticed to the famous surgeon, Syme, before taking his medical degree at Edinburgh University. In 1831 he went to Chatham as assistant to a Scottish doctor there, and Dickens heard of his courage in combating an epidemic of cholera in that insanitary region. In 1853 he took his M.D. degree in Edinburgh, and there practised in medicine and *belles lettres* for more than forty years.

In his earliest letter (1850) his devotion to dogs already appears, and to the end of his life he was especially attached to dandle dimmots, preferring the old large breed, not the etiolated modern dandie. His love of Milton's poetry also appears in his earliest letter, which he bids his sister to "burn immediately." In fact it alludes to domestic war with a grandmother, whose temper was that of the early Seceders. From Chatham he addresses her as "My very dear Grandmother," and sends her a New Testament. Already he complains that he is "Inherently thoughtless of money." "In my circumstances I should not have bought Whately's Logic," nor perhaps have laid out eighteen pence for the privilege of reading "Count Robert of Paris." He was very home sick, "the mere words 'up the parish' went directly to my heart, and I was dismal for the next day." He thought that the English were too fond of eating, and not fond enough of their own kith and kin. His criticisms of literature are perhaps the things of most general interest in his correspondence. "Byron's popularity is owing to his telling stories of the terrible passions with fervent strength in compact num-

* "Letters of Dr. John Brown," with Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others. Edited by his Son and D. W. Forrest, D.D., with Biographical Introduction by Elizabeth T. M'Laren. (A. and C. Black. 10s. 6d. net.)

bers, assisted very much by alliteration" (1835). Wordsworth and Coleridge he read "with reverence"; and rejoiced in "The Border Minstrelsy," as he rode about the "sedate, serious, broad-shouldered border hills." Persons jealous of his exclusive affection for dogs learn with pleasure that he possessed "a most merry and quaint cat." He married, most happily, in 1840, and fell in a lasting love of Thackeray in the early days of James Fitzjames de la Pluche. *C'est mon homme*, he might have said of Thackeray, as Boileau did of Molière. Of Dickens he admitted the greater genius (as Thackeray himself does in a letter to Dr. Brown, printed here), but he writes to Lady Minto that

Dickens was at the core hard and egoistic, intensely. How different from poor soft-hearted great-natured Thackeray. I read his books more than ever (1891). Dickens I cannot re-read, and yet he was infinitely the greater genius in the true sense, in which he is what never was before or will be again.

Dr. Brown says that personal knowledge of Dickens convinced him of his "intense adamantine egoism. . . . He was a man softest outside, hardest at the core." This occurs in a letter to Ruskin. Certainly the criticism would have seemed false to many of Dickens's intimate friends. Dr. Brown held that he himself, as a critic, was apt to err in over-praise, and dealt too much in Italics. This was written (1846) at a time when he first made £20 by his pen, for articles in *The Witness*, mainly on pictures by contemporary artists. In Tennyson (1849), he preferred the least Tennysonian poems, except "Enone," but he was writing to an anti-Tennysonian correspondent. It is odd that Jeffrey "likes Tennyson very much"; he came late to

admiration of poetry worth admiring. "I detest Mrs. Browning" expresses an emotion which Dr. Brown lost. He thought "Wuthering Heights" "a work of the highest genius, far above" "Jane Eyre." Kingsley's "Alton Locke" "is my especial horror." He did not like (1857) the pathological school of novels; and fifty more years of them would not have altered his taste. He had no love of "Darwin's stuff of natural selection," but perhaps nobody was hurt by his harmless banter of it in "The Mystery of Black and Tan." Attacks of bad health, in 1866, and later, caused Dr. Brown to retire from medical practise in 1876, and most of his holidays were spent in various country places with his devoted and delightful friends, the Barclays. He had suffered much in his affections, though his letters hardly touch on his unhappiness. His brain, he wrote to Ruskin (1891), "though outwardly quiet and even torpid, is within as if a Rupert drop knew the peril that is within it, with outer film of pure glass." Three or four lines more he wrote about himself, ending, "I did not mean to say all this; it is wickedness even to put it into words. Forgive me, my dear friend." In literature he certainly did not overpraise George Eliot. "She is intensely clever, often laboriously so, disagreeably *knowing*; but she is unwholesome, and in a high sense unreal, and I trust that in fifty years she will be forgotten except by critics." Browning (1873) "has genius, true poetic genius, but he kills it with hard consonantal words and metaphysics, and obscurity and endlessness." But this was written as a challenge to a lady who cherished "Fifine at the Fair." In 1873 he made a lasting friendship with Mark Twain. He lived to read and appreciate the earliest works of Louis Stevenson; "true genius, a new liquor, fresh and aromatic." In some strange way he

regarded Mr. Lowell as "a great poet. I would much rather be him than Tennyson or Browning." There was no "him" that a man would rather be if he had his choice than Mr. Lowell, but "a great poet" he was not; not even "the greatest poet our cousins have yet sent forth"; Whittier being a bad second, and Longfellow "a sort of male Mrs. Hemans." Poe is not placed; "so much do men differ about the most obvious facts." "The great Matthew [Arnold] looks at the universe, and for that matter at God, through an eye-glass, one eye shut, and a supreme air; but he writes English as few can." Dr. Brown himself

The Times.

looked at the Mediterranean with distaste, and at Lord Beaconsfield's last novels with the "luxury of disrespect." To the last Dr. Brown retained his love of letters, nature, and dogs; he thought highly of a picture of a dog by Turner, as he informed Ruskin. The letters from Ruskin are—which is strange—more interesting than those from Thackeray, who writes as if, in his own words, he "needed a blue pill." The brief biographical notices by Miss M'Laren, connecting periods in Dr. Brown's life, are excellently done, and Sir George Reid's portrait of "the beloved physician" is well reproduced.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," a story whose power makes the modern historical romance seem feeble and trivial, appears in Everyman's Library, with a preface by Mr. Rhys, the general editor of the series.

To their new series of "English Men of Letters," which is lengthening out till it is now more than half as long as the original series, the Macmillans add a volume on "James Thomson," which is written by G. C. Macaulay. The volume is a critical study rather than a biography, though it is not deficient in personal details, and it presents a more than ordinarily adequate view not only of the qualities of Thomson's verse, but of the influence which he exerted upon his contemporaries and successors.

Young people were not neglected in the selections included in the latest instalment of books in Everyman's Library. The volumes provided for them include R. M. Ballantyne's stirring adventure-story "Martin Rattler," Captain Marryat's "The Children of the

New Forest," and a selection of fourteen "Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights." The selection includes most of the old favorites, among them the seven voyages of Sinbad the sailor, the story of Ali Baba and the story of Aladdin. There are seventeen illustrations by T. H. Robinson and Dora Curtis. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story whose fascination attracted Mr. Ruskin and led him to stand sponsor for a translation of it could hardly need any further recommendation to a thoughtful reader. "Ulric the Farm Servant" from the German of Jeremias Gotthelf, which has these high credentials, is a quaint and touching story of Swiss peasant life which adds to the interest of its incidents the charm attaching to a revelation of fine spiritual qualities. Mr. Ruskin came under its spell just after he had brought to the notice of English readers Miss Alexander's "Songs of Tuscany" and he hastened to procure a translation of it at the hands of his friend, Mrs. Julia Firth, in order that he might furnish a picture of Swiss

Protestant character somewhat corresponding to that of the Italian Catholic presented in the "Songs of Tuscany." The book is an interesting addition to Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Under the title "The New Theology and the Old Religion" Dr. Charles Gore, Bishop of Birmingham, has printed eight Lenten lectures which he delivered last spring in the cathedral of Birmingham. To these he has added five sermons upon kindred themes. Dr. Gore does not underestimate the significance of the new theology. He thinks that Mr. Campbell has rendered a service in bringing forward into the arena of common discussion certain tendencies of thought which have been long at work; but he goes on to say, "I have tried to follow him into this arena, and to show the fundamental incongruity of his leading ideas with the original Christian revelation, and the essential superiority of the ideas which the Christian revelation really contains." It is in no spirit of mere controversy, however, that he essays this task. His temper is admirable. His aim is constructive; and both lectures and sermons are marked by breadth of feeling and a fine spirituality. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Whichever of the many editions of Dickens he may possess, every real lover of Dickens must be tempted to add thereto that which constitutes a part of Everyman's Library. The volumes are so convenient for the pocket, yet so attractive upon the shelf; the typography is so clear; and the price so moderate that it makes a strong appeal. Add to these attractions the luminous, discriminating and

occasionally whimsical introductions furnished to each volume by that cleverest of contemporary critics, Gilbert K. Chesterton, and there is every reason why "every man" should hasten to possess himself of the master's books in this dress. The latest instalment of Everyman's Library includes ten Dickens volumes: Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Dombey and Son, Pickwick Papers, Great Expectations, Sketches by Boz, Nicholas Nickleby and Christmas Books. Three volumes had been previously issued and five more are promised in the next instalment of the Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

From treatises on pedagogy and child psychology it is a relief to turn to such a volume as Frederick Douglas How's "The Book of the Child," a dainty book, without pretensions to superior knowledge, but marked by loving discernment. The author explains that he is "rather shy about this little book." The reason for his shyness, possibly, is that he has no children of his own; but, as he goes on to explain, "other people's children have always been very good to me." And with reason, for children know by a kind of instinct who loves them and understands them, and Mr. How certainly belongs in that category. Good sense, a deep and gentle sympathy and unusual discrimination characterize what he writes of the child's memory, imagination, religion, imitation, pleasures and pathos. There is now and then a flavor of humor also. Altogether, the book is delightful. It is of a size so modest that it may be read in an hour or two, but the impression which it makes upon the mind will linger much longer. E. P. Dutton & Co.

